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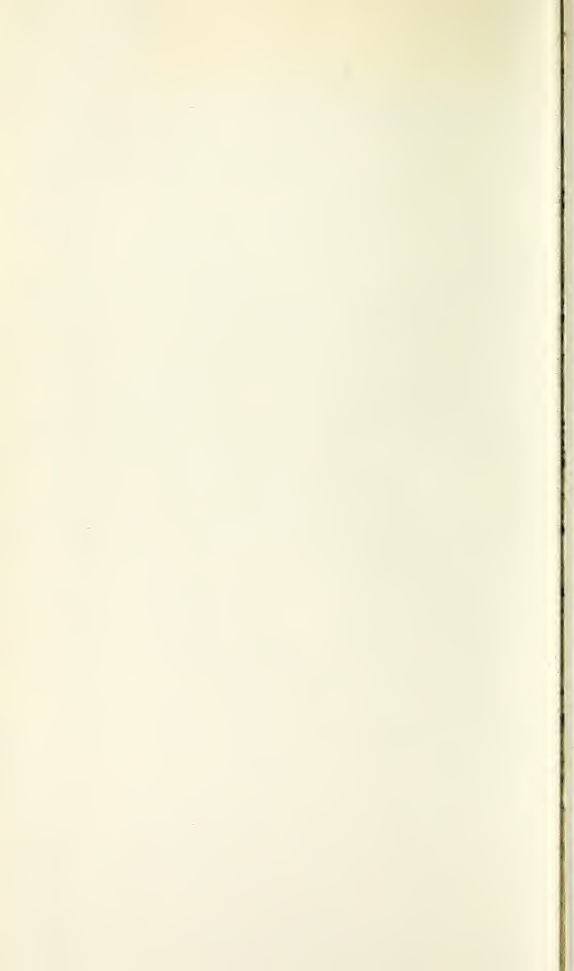
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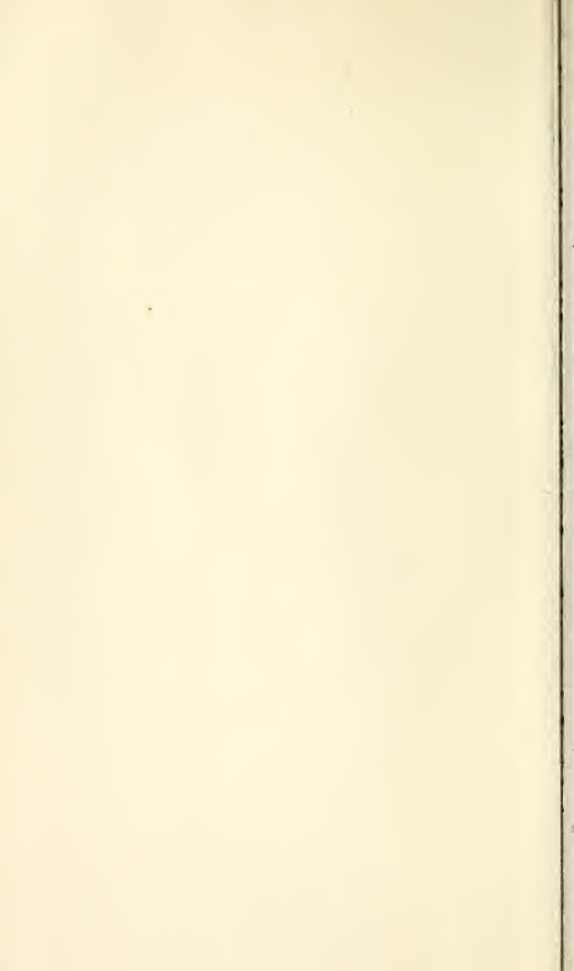
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NEW SERIES, No. 21.

THE

ANNUAL MONITOR

FOR 1863,

OR

OBITUARY

OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In Great Britain and Ireland,

FOR THE YEAR 1862.

L O N D O N :

SOLD BY A. W. BENNETT, (SUCCESSOR TO W. AND F. G. CASH,)

BULL, HUNTON AND CO., DARTON AND CO., AND E. MARSH:

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1862.

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PREFACE.

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THE kind co-operation of our friends again enables us to accompany the usual obituary notices of the ANNUAL MONITOR with a considerable number and variety of biographical memorials. These are interesting and valuable in their individual characteristics; they are not less so in the force of their united witness to the beauty and excellence of the "Light of the Gospel of the *glory of Christ*, who is the image of God." Applied to the heart by the power of the Holy Spirit, the Truth as it is in Him, has never failed to secure the present and everlasting well-being of the humble believer; and it is cause for thankfulness when, amidst all the conflicting opinions of men, we see these blessed results realised in the devoted lives and happy deaths of Christians of every age. Well might the apostle Paul, in the warmth of his love towards his Colossian brethren, whilst he rejoiced in beholding "their order and the stedfastness of their faith in Christ," and yet had a keen sense of the danger to which they were exposed from false teachers, address

to them the words of earnest exhortation: "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him: rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving. Beware lest any man spoil you, through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ; for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and ye are complete in him, who is the head of all principality and power."

Whatever may be the trials and dangers of our own day; whether we suffer as individuals, or in sympathy with afflicted humanity, may it please the Lord so to bless even this little volume to its readers, that, animated by the example of those who through faith and patience have already inherited the promises, we also may continue in the faith, grounded and settled, neither shaken in mind nor moved away from the hope of the Gospel, by any of the commotions which are in the earth;—stedfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.

THE ANNUAL MONITOR.

OBITUARY.

	Age.	Time of Decease.
JANE ALDERSON, <i>Dent, Yorkshire.</i> Daughter of John Alderson.	49 21	9 mo. 1862
EDITH E. ALEXANDER, <i>Ipswich.</i> Daughter of John Biddle and Anna S. Alexander.	15 13	6 mo. 1862
JOHN BIDDLE ALEXANDER, <i>Ipswich.</i>	50 29	6 mo. 1862

From early life he manifested an amiable, frank, and generous disposition, and was often visited with the strivings of the Holy Spirit; yet being easily led by the influence of companionship, he suffered these to be quenched, and gave way to a measure of conformity to the habits and maxims of the world, which he afterwards saw to be incompatible with real religion, and was

strengthened to forsake. From this time it was his desire and aim both in the arrangements of his family and household, and in the prominent position he had to occupy in important and extensive business concerns, that all should be regulated according to the Christian standard of uprightness and integrity.

A few years after his marriage, which took place in his 25th year, the hymn commencing—

“ I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace,—
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.”

arrested his attention: he committed it to memory, and referring to the circumstance to one of his sisters, during his last illness, he remarked that such had been his experience.

He was not in the practice of keeping a regular diary, but some extracts from his few memoranda will show the state of his mind.

“ 1st of Third month, 1848. This day I have been proposed an Overseer; all I could do was to weep in humbleness of heart, that I was even *thought* worthy to take such an important office. I feel I cannot refuse it. May it through Divine grace be a means of strength and watchfulness on my own behalf, and O may I not hurt the

precious cause of Christ in the minds of others. Wilt thou, O Lord, who hast mercifully preserved me hitherto, and hast given me to feel how great thy mercy and love are, continue to help me, and for my dear Saviour's sake, forgive former iniquities, and enable me to renew my covenant with thee."

"Fifth-day, 29th of Seventh month, 1852. On rising this morning, I felt so much oppressed with the care and anxieties of business that the burden of my prayer was, for a little lightening of the load, and I trust also for greater faith that I might see a way open for an escape from undue anxiety respecting it. I attended meeting in much about the same state, but just before it closed the words were uttered by — , 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.' This was the same passage of Scripture that several years since was brought so clearly before me in the middle of the night, as I lay under even deeper depression than at the present time."

"First-day, 18th of Second month, 1855. My birthday, 43. The verse for the day in my text-book was 'The Lord preserveth the simple, I

was brought low and he helped me.' This safe place is where I want to dwell; to be nothing and desire nothing, but simply to lie at the feet of Jesus, attentively listening to the blessed words that proceed out of his mouth. May my prayer this evening be for his gracious help, to *keep* me in this childlike state."

"20th of Eighth month, 1855. I feel bound to record for my future help when tried and tossed in the midst of temptation, that, after having passed through much distress of mind, under the feeling of having wandered from the path of peace, in permitting my thoughts to dwell upon sinful subjects, I have *sensibly* experienced the blessed forgiving presence of Him who has said, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavily laden' (with sin or otherwise), 'and I will give you rest.' So mercifully have I felt this that I could exclaim—'Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. May I praise thee, O Lord, even as on the banks of deliverance.'"

He was called to pass through close trials in the illness and early death of several of his dearly loved children; in these dispensations he was a bright example of cheerful submission to the will of his Heavenly Father, and was ever

desirous to number the attendant mercies, and to trace the kind and loving hand of Jesus his Saviour, in smaller as well as in greater things. In reference to some of these events, he thus writes to a friend :

“9th of Second month, 1857. My darling Louie and Emily continue very delicate, and we know not whether they will be permitted *very* long to brighten our earthly home. But great as the trial is to think of parting, for I would fain have had my children lay my head in the grave, I trust that He who has in mercy seen it right thus to afflict us, is through this fire, even, purifying our hearts to love Him much more, than when earthly treasures were, may I think it, more bound round my heart. O, I do trust that these light afflictions are being blessed to our souls, younger as well as older.”

21st of Twelfth month, 1859. He notes : “Owing, partly no doubt to the state of my health, which has suffered from the extreme cold, and also from many trying circumstances, I have felt very much cast down, and unable to lay hold in faith on the precious arm of strength, for help. Many have been my prayers for pardon and for help, in the petition of the Psalmist, ‘Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy

Holy Spirit from me, but mercifully restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me by thy free Spirit.' This morning, on entering my dressing room, these words were, I believe in the tender love of my Heavenly Father, presented to my mind. 'As many as I *love*, I *rebuke* and *chasten*.' O what mercy to feel that I am not quite forsaken."

"First-day, 10th of Third month, 1861. I have again to record my blessed Lord's mercies to me. Under an intense feeling of oppression from outward cares and troubles, these words were permitted to arise in my heart, 'When thou passest through the water *I will be with thee*, and through the rivers they shall not *overflow* thee.' It has indeed been a day of REST; precious meetings where prayer was offered and powerful testimonies. * * * The day sweetly closed with greater nearness in private prayer to the Fountain of all Good, for help and strength to bear up amidst the deep waters. May heartfelt thanks truly ascend as incense."

Being deeply concerned that the Reading Meetings which were established shortly previous to this time, should be a means of instructing our young friends in a familiar manner, in the doctrines of our Society, he compiled during the

winters of 1859 and 1860, a few papers on these subjects. The last of these entitled "A few thoughts on the great work of Redemption," was completed with considerable effort, and he was enabled to read it without interruption, though at the time suffering from a cough, which proved the commencement of his illness. This was the last occasion on which he was able to take any active part amongst his friends, and with a few exceptions, the last time of mingling with them.

In the early part of his illness he does not appear to have considered his case a hopeless one, and on one occasion he remarked that an earnest desire had been raised in his heart, that if he were restored, it might be to testify to others, of what God had done for his soul. After some months of careful nursing at home, he went to Bournemouth for change of air. Whilst there, in a letter, after alluding to his varying physical condition, and his sympathy with his partners, he writes : " These drawbacks make me fear my inability to return to business at the time I had hoped. For myself, the only refuge, and a very present and merciful one I find it, is to go to Him who has seen well to withdraw me from the active pursuits of this life, in child-like confidence, asking him to give me peace and patience. And

far, far more than I deserve has my Heavenly Father granted me peace in believing."

Again:—7th of Fifth month, 1861, he writes: "I am thankful in believing that I am slowly recovering, but to what extent it may be I must leave in the hands of my Heavenly Father, who knoweth much better than I do what is good for me. Truly can I gratefully acknowledge that during the whole of my illness, and especially at those times when the symptoms were least favourable, has my gracious God been near to help, enabling me to cast all my cares upon him; and in great and marvellous condescension permitted, and does permit, me to feel, that for the sake of His dear Son, our blessed Saviour, he would accept even me, poor and unworthy as I am."

Being detained in London on his way home, by an attack of pleurisy he writes: "It is no little trial to be thus laid by, when hoping that I was returning with *some* prospect of usefulness.
* * * * I have felt much in the depths, but mercy has covered the judgment seat, and I desire to be patient, if I may but enjoy the Saviour's blessed presence to intercede for me, that all may be cleansed and purified."

He remained at home through the summer; but suffering much from the heat, he spent some

weeks in the autumn at the sea side ; and whilst there he became so seriously ill, that it was feared his end *was* drawing near. At this time he was visited by most of his brothers and sisters, and perhaps this period of his illness was a season of as full enjoyment of his Saviour's presence, as any ; he often afterwards alluded to it, as a time when he felt so fully willing to go, and in which he was so richly a partaker of the love of God in Christ Jesus to his soul.

In a letter written to one of his sisters at this time, he says : " 20th of Ninth month, 1861. I think I never enjoyed two days more in my life : the sweet flow of heavenly love that pervaded us all was very striking, and could alone proceed from the blessed Saviour looking down upon his redeemed ones with love and compassion. O how wonderful is his love, that he, like a tender Shepherd, even goes into the wilderness to find *the lost sheep*, and carries them home in his arms, yea, even rejoicing."

From this attack he rallied considerably, and evidently thought himself recovering to some extent. On visiting his physician in London soon afterwards, when he believed himself better, he was brought into much thoughtfulness, by the doctor's report of the rapid progress disease had made

since last seeing him, and that it was not probable (although possible), that his life would be continued many months. Upon retiring to rest, he remarked, that the information had taken him by surprise, but he had been permitted so precious a season in prayer, and such near access to the Throne of Grace, that he felt he could leave all in the hands of his merciful Saviour, in the sweet assurance that all would be well with him.

He went to Ventnor for the winter, where he was joined by two of his daughters, one of whom had recently had a serious attack of hemorrhage. Some extracts from his letters at this time will describe his spiritual condition. He writes: "20th of Eleventh month, 1861. I have not seen another spot I prefer to our own sweet *temporary* home. I sometimes fear lest I should be thinking too much of its attractions, rather than looking forward to that heavenly home, prepared through redeeming love, for the poor weary faint-hearted ones, as well as those who can feel they have been more faithful in their great Redeemer's cause."

"19th of Twelfth month, 1861. I am not so well as I was, having taken cold when out walking, and I do not think I shall cease to feel the effects of it. So much for the outward; but

though afflictions are our portion, we are permitted to feel, I hope, more and more that it is a *loving hand that is laid upon us*. I think we have enjoyed greater nearness to the dear Saviour, and very sweet were the words that were permitted to rise in my heart this morning,—‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee, only trust in me.’ This trust is what we want more of,—not to doubt the precious love of Jesus.”

Referring to his daughter, who was again prostrated by hemorrhage, he says: “20th of Twelfth month, 1861. I have just been sitting an hour with her; she is so sweet, dear child, it is a real pleasure to be with her: I have had some very comforting opportunities with her, and have been enabled to rejoice on her account, and to partake of sweet spiritual refreshment on my own. Very precious has been the flowing of our Saviour’s tender love to my heart, in which I could rejoice in tribulation, and in everything give thanks.”

* * * * And in allusion to a letter received: “I am glad to be reminded of heavenly things, for I long to give up all other thoughts, though the things of the world cling very close, and I look too much to the suffering of the body in death, rather than alone upon Him who can, and I feel at times as if it will be so, give the victory

over the fear of death, as well as the sweet assurance that He will not leave me in my greatest need."

"26th of Twelfth month, 1861. It is very comforting to find that others have felt the same fear of the cold messenger, and yet have been so mercifully supported. The truly welcome letters I have received the last few days, and particularly ——'s, in which he 'craves' for me that 'the God of hope would fill me with all joy and peace in believing,' have been blessed, and the prayers I believe heard, and will be answered when the call comes, and that I shall be enabled to look beyond the painful separation of soul and body, to Him who has hitherto been with me, often to my wondering admiration: surely none have had more cause to bless and magnify the dear Saviour of sinners."

"3rd of Second month, 1862. I read with great pleasure and comfort those sweet lines thou sent me. I have been to the present time, so mercifully and tenderly dealt with, that I cannot feel that mine has been a hard lot. O the love, so free, so full, so unmerited, which at times is poured into my trembling soul, ought to banish all fear; but we have a battle to fight to the very last, and the enemy would and does at times

cast me down; but my blessed Lord raises me up again with fresh strength to bear up against his assaults. I was struck with this passage in the Psalms, and it has rested with me as even my portion at times, 'My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips: when I remember thee upon my bed and meditate on thee in the night watches. Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.' But still I know not what may be in store for me, and what suffering may be necessary: but I desire to live day by day, very thankful for present mercies, and trusting that as my day is, so will strength be afforded me."

On one occasion when business matters which were seldom intruded upon him, had unavoidably occupied his attention, he writes:

"Second month, 18th, 1862. The letter sent thee was a reflex of my mind; I regret the cares of the world had so much hold of me, but it was more honest to tell thee so, than pretend to holier feelings when I did not possess them. This evening [his 50th birthday] after reading my dear children's letters, and a sweet one from——— and——— and the Fourteenth of John's Gospel, I felt more comforted, and I hope my heart has

been permitted to kiss the rod, and thankfully to trust that my tender and compassionate Saviour is willing to restore me to peace and quietness."

Third month, 6th. In allusion to an expected visit from some of his family he says, "I trust I may be better able to receive them next week, or when they do come; but that I must leave in the hands of my Heavenly Father, who does not leave his poor weak one, but grants for the dear Saviour's sake, sweet glimpses of his tender love."

For some time after his removal to Ventnor he had appeared to improve, but about this period symptoms of increased disease manifested themselves: he became much prostrated, and for several days appeared rapidly sinking. One morning when he seemed very near his end, he sent affectionate messages to his children, and took leave of his beloved wife, commending her in an earnest manner, to the care of Him who has promised to be "the judge of the widow, and the father of the fatherless." At this time he was unable to lie in bed, from difficulty of breathing, and sat in an easy chair, his head requiring almost constant support, as he could not lean back. Early one morning when much exhausted and weary from want of sleep, he breathed out, rather than spoke, the words of the hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," &c.

and shortly afterwards said, "I think I begin to see the meaning of this prolonged suffering; many and many a time I have *said*, *Thy* will, O Lord, not mine, be done; but in substance it was, *My* will, not thine be done; but still poor suffering mortality shrinks from the trial."

Rallying unexpectedly from this season of great prostration, he was much tried to find himself, as he expressed it, "sent back again," when he thought he "had reached the Pearl Gates." At this period he was often tried with great nervousness, and distressing dreams; the night following one of these seasons, he sank into a quiet sleep, and on waking seemed overpowered with gratitude, exclaiming that it was a merciful answer to prayer, and requested to have a hymn read to him, adding "let it be one of thanksgiving and praise."

After this he was seldom able to write; an extract from one of his few letters is here inserted.

Fourth month, 18th. "I had been wanting, when I last wrote to thee, to be made victorious over the pangs of death, rather than made willing to *die*; now I confess it has been a very hard struggle, to be made willing to *live*; so near as we all thought me to that glorious kingdom of rest, joy, and peace, to find that I have still to wade through deep waters of outward suffering, is to

human flesh no little trial; but I have been very mercifully owned by Him who can be, and has been strength in my weakness, and a very present help in trouble; but I am, I hope, at times, at any rate, permitted to lie passive in His hands; what my Heavenly Father has still in store for me to bear, before I am released from this body none can tell. * * * * I feel much the mixing as it were again in worldly matters, but I humbly hope and trust, that He who has so marvellously helped hitherto, will help me to the end, that my soul may not be stained with earthly things."

He regained sufficient strength to be removed in an invalid carriage to his home, where he continued much the same for two weeks, when his beloved daughter, who had preceded him in her return home, was released from her sufferings. He felt her death keenly.—As he expressed it, it seemed to bring death so near to him, and for a few days he appeared likely to sink, remarking that his work on earth was done, that he believed his life had been spared to comfort and encourage this dear child. He survived her about two weeks. The night previous to his decease was one of great suffering, "of anguish," he said; but in the intervals of comparative ease, he was much engaged in prayer for strength

to bear what was appointed him, and was comforted as on many former occasions, by hearing portions of Scripture and devotional hymns.

At one time, when from excessive pain in his head he feared he might become delirious, he earnestly supplicated that should such be the case, he might be preserved from saying anything that should dishonour his Saviour. About nine o'clock in the morning he became unconscious, and soon passed gently away, leaving to his bereaved connexions the precious persuasion that he had passed from death unto life.

JOHN ALLEN, 76 9 6 mo. 1862

Ardrea, near Richhill, Ireland.

ELIZABETH ALLEN, 73 29 6 mo. 1862

Stoke Newington. Widow of Charles Allen.

SARAH ALLIS, 82 19 7 mo. 1862

York. Widow of John Allis.

HANNAH ARMFIELD, 75 6 1 mo. 1862

Chelmsford.

JOSEPH ARMISTEAD, 68 4 10 mo. 1861

Leeds.

ALBERT ASHWORTH, 9 1 12 mo. 1861

Turton, near Bolton, Lancashire. Son of John and Grace Ashworth.

SARAH AYRE, 78 7 2 mo. 1862

Darlington. Widow of Thomas Ayre.

JOHN BACHE,	85 11 12 mo. 1861
<i>Austell, Cornwall.</i>	
HANNAH BAILEY,	89 4 5 mo. 1862
<i>Uxbridge.</i>	
FANNY E. BAKER,	1 13 4 mo. 1862
<i>York. Daughter of James and Elizabeth Baker.</i>	
THOMAS BAKER,	55 21 8 mo. 1862
<i>Castleton, Yorks.</i>	
MARY BATTERSBY,	74 16 4 mo. 1862
<i>Lancaster.</i>	
RACHEL BAYES, <i>London.</i>	29 22 11 mo. 1861
<i>Daughter of Thomas and Mary Ann Bayes.</i>	
RACHEL BAYNES,	66 20 4 mo. 1862
<i>North Shields. An Elder. Wife of George Baynes.</i>	
JOSHUA BEALE,	36 9 5 mo. 1862
<i>Belfast. Son of Joshua Beale.</i>	
EDMUND BECK,	24 14 8 mo. 1862
<i>Stamford Hill, near London.</i>	
MATILDA BELL,	38 17 5 mo. 1862
<i>Hyde Park, Belfast. Wife of Henry H. Bell.</i>	
SARAH ANNA BIGLANDS,	17 30 8 mo. 1862
<i>Liverpool. Daughter of Joseph and Rebecca Biglands.</i>	
LYDIA BINKS,	90 2 1 mo. 1862
<i>Bolton, Lancashire.</i>	

ELIZABETH BINNS,	75	31	10 mo.	1861
<i>Manchester.</i> Widow of Daniel Binns.				
ABIGAIL BINNS,	90	4	4 mo.	1862
<i>Weston-super-Mare.</i>				
JONATHAN BLAIR,	77	22	5 mo.	1862
<i>Solport, Cumberland.</i>				
MARY BLAKEY,	48	4	11 mo.	1861
<i>Shawcote, Wensleydale.</i> Wife of Joshua Blakey.				
DAVID BLAIN, <i>Carlisle,</i>	51	12	6 mo.	1862
ISAAC BONDS,	91	10	8 mo.	1862
<i>Scotby, Cumberland.</i>				
SAMUEL BOWDEN, <i>Bristol.</i>	54	23	1 mo.	1862
JAMES BRACHER,	66	22	1 mo.	1862
<i>Wincanton.</i>				
ISAAC BRAITHWAITE,	81	27	12 mo.	1861
<i>Kendal.</i> An Elder.				

Though of a retiring disposition our late dear friend was well known and beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends, to whom a few particulars can hardly fail to be interesting.

He was the last surviving member of the family of George and Deborah Braithwaite, of Kendal, and was born there on the third of First month, 1781. He received his education at Friends' School in that place, then under the care of Jonathan Dalton, who was occasionally assisted by his brother, afterwards the well-known Dr.

Dalton. Here was acquired and fostered a taste for science which distinguished him through life, and materially added to his usefulness and pleasure. He was married in his 28th year to our late dear friend Anna Braithwaite; and in 1825 and again in 1827 accompanied her throughout her second and third visits to America, proving himself a judicious and sympathising counsellor in times of peculiar difficulty and conflict. His watchfulness and discretion, joined to a uniform sweetness of temper, rendered him an invaluable companion. Accustomed to say but little of himself or of his own religious experience, his consistent deportment gave instructive testimony of his habitual endeavour to walk humbly with his God.

The removal in the Twelfth month 1859 of his beloved wife,* after a union of more than fifty years, followed within a few weeks by that of his eldest daughter, left him bereaved and sorrowful. Yet there was no sadness in his grief; it was a sorrow chastened with the faith and hope of the Christian. His love for his friends and for all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, shone forth with a mellowed brightness. His habitual diligence in the attendance of public

* See a notice of this dear friend in the *Annual Monitor* for 1861.

worship continued to the last. He attended meeting at Kendal on the First-day before his decease, and in an impressive manner gave notice of the meeting appointed for the next day on the occasion of the funeral of the Prince Consort. He spoke of feeling poorly and became worse on the following day, from which time he gradually sank, without apparent suffering, except from difficulty of breathing. Consoling yet solemn were the hours passed by his dying bed. Every earthly care seemed taken away—his mind was dwelling on heavenly things. Very sweet were his responses to portions of scripture or to favourite hymns; his hope was anchored on Christ.

During the last few weeks he had frequently asked his granddaughter to repeat the hymn beginning—

“Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God I come.”

The truth embodied in these lines appeared to be now the thought that filled his mind. Early in the morning of the day of his decease on being reminded of the Patriarch Jacob surrounded by his sons, and breathing forth the language, “I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord,” he intimated his belief that it was so with him, but

added, "I suppose we must wait the Lord's time." After breakfast his granddaughter sang a few of his favourite hymns; he attempted to join in two of them, particularly the one beginning, "There is a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign," but his enfeebled powers were unequal to the attempt. Some time after, on the hymn being repeated containing the lines—

" Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power."

He interrupted, saying emphatically, "That's true; that's very true." Later in the day prayer was again offered "that the Saviour might be near to support and to comfort, and that an entrance, through infinite mercy, might be abundantly ministered into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," after which he feelingly uttered the words, "Beautiful, beautiful." These were the last expressions that could be distinguished. About an hour before the close he feebly attempted to respond to one of his favourite texts, repeated by one of his sons. From this time he laid very still, his breathing becoming more and more feeble, till at a quarter past nine in the evening he peacefully expired.

MARY BRANDRETH, 75 27 5 mo. 1862
Tibshelf, Derbyshire.

ELIZABETH BRANTINGHAM,	67	1	5 mo.	1862
<i>Aberdeen. An Elder. Widow of G. Brantingham.</i>				
JOSHUA BRANTINGHAM,	73	26	9 mo.	1862
<i>Stockton-on-Tees.</i>				
CHARLES BRIGGS,	1	10	11 mo.	1861
<i>York. Son of John and Caroline Briggs.</i>				
WILLIAM BROWN,	79	30	1 mo.	1862
<i>North Shields.</i>				
SAMUEL BROWN,	78	5	2 mo.	1862
<i>Holbrook Moor, Derbyshire.</i>				
JAMES BROWN, <i>Ipswich.</i>	65	10	4 mo.	1862
JAMES BROWN, <i>Dudley.</i>	55	22	8 mo.	1862
JOHN T. BURGESS,	71	27	4 mo.	1862
<i>Stoke Newington.</i>				
JOHN BUTTERWORTH,	83	26	6 mo.	1862
<i>Birmingham.</i>				
ANN CARTWRIGHT, <i>London.</i>	67	18	1 mo.	1862
THOMAS CHADWICK,	70	5	9 mo.	1862
<i>Mossley, near Oldham.</i>				
ANNE CHALK,	90	12	10 mo.	1861
<i>Toxteth Park, Liverpool. Widow of Thomas Chalk.</i>				
HANNAH CHERRY,	79	4	4 mo.	1862
<i>Birkenhead. Widow of William Cherry.</i>				
JOHN CHIPCHASE,	72	2	3 mo.	1862
<i>Cotterston. A Minister.</i>				

There is much encouragement in contemplating

the daily life and walk of the Christian believer. Through all the various stages of his development, whether we regard him in the outset of his pilgrimage, in the fervour and freshness of his early dedication, or whether he is presented to us in the mellowed light of his matured experience, doing battle for the cause he loves, amid the busy cares and anxieties of the world—the example is alike conducive to our help and encouragement,—and surely, no less animating is it to witness the aged pilgrim, who, after a life chequered by a full share of the trials incident to mortality, is peacefully descending the vale of years, and affording evidence to those around him that he is not forsaken by the gracious Master he has served, but is permitted now in the closing scenes of his career to experience an increasing preparation for the heavenly kingdom.

It may be said of the dear friend whose departure is recorded above, that he feared the Lord from his youth up. In earlier life he was pretty fully engaged in the concerns of trade, and afterwards in teaching school at Stockton. In 1831 he married Alice Robinson, in whom he found a true helpmeet till her death in 1853. Shortly after his marriage he removed to Cotharston, in Teesdale, where he continued to reside up to the

time of his decease. In 1848, after having for some time acceptably spoken as a minister, he was recorded in that capacity by Darlington Monthly Meeting. Deeply attached to the religious Society of which he was a member, it was his earnest endeavour in his intercourse with others to carry his convictions into practice : and he never shrank from expressing and defending the views which he consistently held.

Jealous of any encroachments on the distinguishing views and practices of the Society, he was ever ready to acknowledge true Christianity wherever he found it : and numbered among his personal friends many of those of other denominations from whom he widely differed on matters of both doctrine and practice. As a minister he was not often engaged beyond the limits of his own Monthly Meeting, but on several occasions he was occupied, with the sanction of his friends, in visiting and holding meetings in the villages near his own home ; and the assemblies thus brought together were often seasons of satisfaction and comfort. In 1859 he paid a series of family visits to the inhabitants of Cotherston, which were cordially received and warmly appreciated by many. He has often been heard to speak of the peace and satisfaction which he felt in the retro-

spect of this labour of love. Naturally diffident and somewhat reserved J. C. did not often impart to others much of his own feelings or spiritual experience, and in his last illness it was seldom that he expressed much of what was obviously engrossing his thoughts ; but to those about him it was abundantly evident that although there might be little of expression there was the Christian's hope and joy within. His habitual cheerfulness even under the trials of bodily suffering and infirmity commended to others the faith and hope it was his privilege to enjoy.

A short time before his death, on retiring to rest one evening, he said to his daughter, " I have frequently of late seemed to hear the language, ' Have faith, fear not, doubt not : believe only.' I seem to have nothing left to do but to be quiet."

At another time he repeated the text " Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name," enlarging on the goodness of the Lord towards him all his life long, and adding " I wish I could tell all the world what a kind Master he is." On his brother asking him how he felt, he said " O thou sees I am very happy ; nothing to do but be quiet." The day before his decease, whilst sitting up for a short time, he was observed to smile, and this being remarked by one of his

attendants, he said, "I know that I shall both smile and shine in the morning of the resurrection."

A friend remarked that it was a bright prospect to look forward to. "Yes" he replied "but it does not do to look too much at the bright prospect; many a great work has been accomplished after the labourer thought he was called from the vineyard."

In the evening, a friend calling to see him, and addressing him in the language of encouragement, he replied emphatically "I do rejoice in hope of the glory." About four o'clock on First-day morning, the Second of Third Month, he quietly passed away; gathered as a shock of corn fully ripe into the heavenly garner.

GEORGE CLARK, *Mansfield*. 61 8 7 mo. 1862

AMY CLARK, 47 18 9 mo. 1862

Manchester. Wife of William Clark.

MARY CLEMESHA, 59 16 10 mo. 1861

Hull. Wife of John Clemesha.

MARTHA J. CLOTHIER, 35 26 8 mo. 1862

Street, Somerset. Daughter of Arthur and Keturah Clothier.

JOHN COCKIN, *Leeds*. 79 22 11 mo. 1861

MARY COLSON, *Finedon*. 65 25 11 mo. 1861

LOUISA COOPER, *Leeds*. 73 16 1 mo. 1862

CHARLES CORNISH, *Redruth*. 52 1 4 mo. 1862

SARAH CRANSTONE, 72 23 10 mo. 1861

Hemel Hempstead.

ANN CRANSTONE, 89 20 7 mo. 1862

Ware. Widow of George Cranstone.

MARGARET CREWDSON, 58 28 4 mo. 1862

Southside, Manchester. Wife of Wilson Crewdson, and daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Robson.

Seldom has the solemn messenger been sent on swifter wing than to this beloved one. After spending the evening with a large number of relatives whom she had for some time been wishing to see collected at their house, and whose company she appeared to enjoy with more than usual warmth of affection, she had scarcely retired to rest when after hastily calling for a drink of water, and before it could be handed to her, the spirit took its flight. But there is good ground to believe that she was found ready for the summons.

Patiently and trustingly she had latterly appeared as one keeping watch for her Lord with lamp trimmed and oil in her vessel.

Early in life, during the long absence of her beloved mother on her religious engagements in America and elsewhere, she was called upon to supply the place of companion to her father, and of mother to her younger sisters,—a post which she occupied with exemplary diligence and filial fidelity. She was remarkable for her love of

honesty and hatred of anything in the shape of dissimulation. She had at that time, however, a natural warmth and quickness of temper to contend with, which at times caused her not a little heart-humbling sorrow; and it is instructive to call to mind how much in the latter period of her life, this natural infirmity was brought into subjection under the regulating power of Divine grace.

Attached to life by many sweet and endearing ties, she numbered many blessings here below; yet it pleased the God of love to temper the enjoyment of these blessings by the frequent presence of severe bodily suffering. The pain which she had latterly to endure was often intense; but the meek uncomplaining patience with which she bore this cross was a striking proof of the quiet resting of her soul on the one holy Comforter. It is very sweet and instructive to call to remembrance the many evidences which showed that He whose disciple she had desired to be from early life, was gradually weaning her heart more and more from the joys and sorrows and cares of earth, and preparing her for her heavenly inheritance. Among these evidences were the increasing care with which she kept watch over her own heart, and the expansion of her love towards her fellow creatures.

Margaret Crewdson was naturally of an anxious temperament, and perhaps she found it more difficult than many others, to carry out the apostolic precept "be careful for nothing." But if her maternal heart was sometimes unduly anxious concerning her children's temporal interests, still more earnest was her tender concern for their spiritual and everlasting welfare.

In her visits to the sick and suffering she would often speak of the Saviour's infinite love, and of the wisdom and tenderness of the Father's dealing with his chastened children. But of her own spiritual attainments she seldom loved to talk; though she at times spoke of herself as unworthy to take even the lowest place in the Church of Christ, save through the unmerited mercies of "the Lord our righteousness."

Under the oppression of her many physical infirmities, she would frequently allude to the probability of a sudden dismissal, although no medical diagnosis supported this view of her case. "I am not afraid," she would say—"I do not shrink from the idea of a sudden death,—it will all be well."

In a parting conversation with a beloved relative only three weeks before her death, she spoke with unwonted freedom of her own experience of the

Saviour's forgiving love, and of her conviction that the trials of the way had all worked together for good.

Within a few days of the solemn event which called her away, she told her beloved daughter, that on waking in the morning the Psalmist's words, "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness" had risen afresh in her memory, and she went on to comment in her simple manner on the excellence of this holy worship. Little did her children think how soon this was to be realized to her in its fulness, and the ransomed spirit be called, as we may humbly trust, to worship without alloy in the courts above.

Thus drawing near to the Land of Promise, and often, we believe, tasting of the fruits of that good land,—still patiently girding herself for the wilderness, yet waiting for the summons to pass over Jordan, she was found ready to lay down the burden of the flesh, as in the twinkling of an eye, and to be led swiftly across,—for, behold, "The ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm in the midst of Jordan."

WILLIAM DALBY,

70 30 11 mo. 1861

Yoxford, Suffolk.

ANN DALE,

69 5 5 mo. 1862

Huddersfield. Wife of William Dale.

- ELIZABETH DAVIS, 46 31 3 mo. 1862
Clonmel. Wife of Samuel Davis.
- ABRAHAM DAVY, *Sheffield.* 70 18 12 mo. 1861
- SARAH DELL, 73 9 9 mo. 1862
Claypits, Earls Colne, Essex. Widow of Richd.
 Latimer Dell.
- ELIZABETH DICKINSON, 86 5 1 mo. 1862
Allonby.
- MARGARET DICKINSON, 62 20 3 mo. 1862
Manchester. Wife of Benjamin Dickinson.
- BENJAMIN DOCKRAY, 75 4 11 mo. 1861
Lancaster.
- HARRIET DODSHON, 9 29 5 mo. 1862
Stockton-on-Tees. Daughter of John and Eliza-
 beth Dodshon.
- HENRY S. DONALDSON, 49 23 10 mo. 1861
Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- CLEMENT R. DOULL, 22 8 1 mo. 1862
Newcastle-on-Tyne. Son of David Doull.
- MARY DREWETT, 22 17 7 mo. 1862
Luton, Beds. Daughter of William and
 Gulielma Maria Drewett.
- JOHN DREWRY, 67 22 5 mo. 1862
Bolton, near Wigton, Cumberland.
- MARGARET DUNNING, 47 18 3 mo. 1862
Great Ayton, Yorks. Wife of Thomas Dun-
 ning.

JOHN DYMOND,

70 12 12 mo. 1861

Exeter. An Elder.

The life of this dear friend was in a striking manner one of silent example; and as such it has left a deep impression on the minds of those who had an opportunity of observing his humble and consistent course, affording an illustration of the words of the Apostle—"Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you, let him show out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom."

He was throughout his life until very near its close very reserved in speaking of his own religious feelings; and the same tendency of mind appears to have prevented his committing to writing any record of the hidden path by which, through many conflicts and deep baptisms, he became fitted for the place he was enabled to fill as a firm, upright pillar in the Church.

John Dymond was the second son of John and Olive Dymond, of Exeter, and was born on the 13th of 11th month, 1791. His parents were concerned to bring up their children with Christian care, and to guard them from exposure to hurtful influences during their childhood; training them according to the letter of the discipline, in "plainness of speech, behaviour, and apparel," yet in

enlightened views of their obligations as professing Christians. Thus they became fitted to withstand the varied besetments that attended them as they each had to leave their sheltered home to go to school; and as it respects the subject of this memoir, the influence of this early training appears never to have been lost.

The school education which John Dymond received was like that of many of his contemporaries such as would now be regarded as very limited; but this disadvantage was much made up for in the years that succeeded, by careful reading, and by embracing every opportunity for the cultivation of his strong natural understanding. Circumstances led to various changes in his business engagements during the earlier part of his life, but for the last twenty-six years he held the position of manager of a bank. A few lines extracted from an Exeter newspaper on the occasion of his death may serve to show the estimation in which he was held by his fellow citizens as a man of business:—"Just and upright in all his ways, with a temper ever calm as an infant's sleep, it is a weak word to say that he was truly respected by all who knew him. His life was truly a fulfilment of the Christian duties by one compelled to walk in the busy ways of the world. It proves

what may be done where the faith is sound and the judgment well balanced."

John Dymond took an active part in the various benevolent associations set on foot for the benefit of the ignorant and suffering. In the early days of the Bible Society, and while yet a boy, he and his brothers* became some of the earliest collectors of the pence of the poor for the purchase of bibles; and this Society retained a large place in his interest and attention through life. The Total Abstinence, Anti-Slavery, and Peace Societies also claimed at different periods a large share of his attention. He found also a wide scope for the exercise of philanthropic efforts in connection with his office as Guardian of the Poor in his native city, and as a trustee to the public charities. At the time of the passing of the Municipal Reform Act he was amongst the first to be elected a member of the new Town Council, but conscientious considerations induced him to decline the office, and at a subsequent period to refuse an offer of being recommended for the magistracy.

As has been already stated, John Dymond left no written account of his religious experience, but from remarks he occasionally made it is believed

* Of whom Jonathan Dymond, the well-known Author of "Essays on Morality," was one.

that he was tenderly and powerfully visited in his early years, and that his heart joyfully responded to his Saviour's call to come, take up his cross, and follow him. Yet in the allusions in his correspondence to his hidden feelings at various periods of his life, there is a tone of depression and acknowledgement of inward poverty of spirit which we do not often meet with as the habitual clothing of the devoted follower of Christ; and which, taken in connection with those outward fruits which unmistakeably show the true character of the renewed heart, may be viewed as a dispensation permitted to keep him in that state of true humility and selfabasement which strikingly marked his character. Possessing a truly catholic spirit, and delighting to unite with what was good in his brethren of other Christian professions, he was steadfast and unhesitating in his adherence to the doctrines and practices of the Society of Friends. He was well versed in its discipline, and was zealous for the right maintenance of all its testimonies. In his office of Elder, which he filled acceptably for many years, it was his chief desire to be found faithful, and in the exercise of its important duties he was enabled, by watchfulness unto prayer, to offer the word in season, whether of encouragement or counsel as occasion

might require. Of later years his remarks in our meetings for discipline, especially in those of ministers and elders, were characterized by increasing earnestness and seriousness, expressing his desire both for himself and for his friends that the affections might be more completely withdrawn from the things of time, and set on things above; and on these occasions, as well as in meetings for worship, the weightiness of his spirit was often to be felt. He cherished the privilege of attending the Yearly Meeting in London as often as circumstances would allow of it, entering deeply into its exercises with a heartfelt desire for the promotion of the cause of Christ amongst us. In the social circle he was the counsellor and the stay of those around him. With very sensitive feelings there was united an unflinching fortitude and calmness, with an abiding trust in the overruling care of Divine Providence, which rendered his presence very valuable in times of emergency and perplexity; whilst it was only in the smaller sphere of his own immediate family, as a husband and a father, that the tenderness of his heart and his wise discretion could be fully known.

A few extracts from letters written at different periods of his life, while exemplifying the low view of his own state, which has been alluded to, may prove interesting and instructive. E

1824. "It has often been my lot to attend meeting after meeting, and so far from receiving instruction or strength, these opportunities have been times of peculiar poverty and barrenness, with neither the sense of any good, nor the ability to feel after it. I have often gone to meeting in hope and returned in despondency. But shall I say that these have been times of no profit, when I have learned from these experiences more than from any other circumstances two important lessons, namely, that I am poor and miserable, worldly and prone to evil, and that I am entirely unable by the utmost endeavours of my own strength to calm 'the multitudinous imaginations of the natural man.' I am only saying, thou must observe, that these lessons have been learnt; whether I have rightly profited by them is another matter, but I mention the circumstance to show my opinion that the good we receive by attending meetings is not always to be estimated by the measure of fervour we feel on returning from them."

1827. * * * "However low the opinion we form of our state as to religion, to whatever degree we may abhor ourselves, or see ourselves as depraved, or sunk into the depths of sin and misery, I am not much concerned at it if there is the faintest ray of hope. Nay, I account it as a

profitable and a necessary state to be brought into. I believe thou and I are travelling together through this, shall I say, 'valley of the shadow of death,' but let us 'fear no evil,' as long as there are moments in which we can say, 'Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.' Nor let us be very anxious to be delivered from this state—let us take all patiently, however trying, believing that it is not only designed for our good, but is the very best that could happen to us. Let us not seek great things for ourselves, nor be very solicitous about the future, but strive to live from day to day, and to be content with very little."

1833. "I have felt on the whole rather dull till to day, and some causes of discouragement have weighed down my spirits; things which trouble one the more when unhappily the soul has lost its anchorage, and is driven of merciless winds almost beyond hope of attaining the Haven of Rest; that land of love and of joy, where the powers of darkness are never felt, and whose unsetting sun sometimes shoots its beams over the troubled ocean of Time."

1844. "I hope thou wilt be cheered a little, and look at the hopeful side of things; not that I am able to administer comfort from any present feelings of the flowings of it, for times are very flat

with me; but I believe the way to get along calmly is to hope against hope. If we can but walk by faith, we shall not be moved even though Satan and his messengers buffet us; for although we see none to deliver, yet we have confidence in the assurance that we are seen by Him who is mightier than all our enemies; and we rest in the faith that though we are dead, our Redeemer is risen and liveth for evermore, and because he liveth we *shall* live also."

1846. "I think I may say I am satisfied in having attended the Quarterly Meeting. I thought there were some portions of the ministry which I might share in, and the desire which lives almost continually in my mind, was ardently felt, that a heart might be given me to love God, and to walk according to His will, that I might be a partaker of the joy of His people, and glorify His name on earth."

John Dymond was one of a committee appointed by the Yearly Meeting of 1850, to visit the meetings composing the General Meeting of Dorset and Hants. In taking a retrospect of this engagement he writes:—"This journey has been performed in weakness, and under a feeling of incompetency for doing anything for the promotion of the Truth amongst us; but in endeavouring to

wait from time to time for a little sense of the renewed pointings of the Spirit, there has been a moving in faith, and some feeling of a little guidance as to when to speak and what to say; and whilst the retrospect is clouded with the conviction that for want of constant watchfulness the cause of Truth has not been honoured as it might have been, and that there has been much mixture on my part individually of human infirmity, I may commemorate the unfailing help of Him in whose service we profess to move, when sought in simple reliance upon Him. He is ever faithful to his own, notwithstanding the weaknesses and the unfaithfulness of the faltering and unworthy professors of his Truth."

At the close of the Yearly Meeting of 1854 he wrote: "I think many will return to their homes with spirits invigorated by a little breathing of Heavenly air, and with hearts prepared to endeavour to '*leave the things that are behind* and press towards the mark for the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' And what is that calling? Is it not to come 'out of darkness into His marvellous light,'—to turn the back upon a world that 'lieth in wickedness,' to put on the 'armour of God, take the sword of the Spirit and the shield of Faith,'—and wrestle with the power

that ‘worketh in the children of disobedience,’—sustained by the presence of the Captain of our Salvation, and cheered by the promise, that the Lamb and His followers shall have the victory.”

Our dear friend had through life rather a delicate state of health; he was never very strong though seldom laid by with illness. The disease which eventually proved fatal attended him at intervals for many years, but it was not till the autumn of 1858 that its progress was such as to place him in the position of a settled invalid. He was mostly favoured with exemption from much pain, weakness and exhaustion being the chief forms of suffering. The calmness and resolution with which he pursued his daily outward duties, with the full consciousness that life was drawing near its close, were very remarkable; and although the attendance of meetings for discipline at a distance had to be frequently omitted, it is instructive to remember the diligence with which he attended all our meetings in his own city, very seldom failing to be present at the First-day afternoon meetings, as well as in the morning, though his feeble form plainly showed the effort that it cost him. During these years of declining health there were intervals of temporary improvement, when his family indulged the hope that his valuable

life might yet be long spared to them. The summer season generally brought a little renewal of strength, and he found great pleasure in his yearly periods of relaxation, when he would leave business cares behind, and seek refreshment for a few weeks in some country air and scene. He delighted to contemplate the beauties of nature, admiring with a filial eye the fair works of his Heavenly Father's hand. As he drew nearer to his eternal home the firm strong features of his mind seemed to catch the mellowing radiance of that better land, and the true loveliness of the Christian character became increasingly conspicuous in him.

A few more extracts from letters written during these declining years may be added here.

1860. "It was a great pleasure to me to receive yesterday thy long wished for letter. I did not suppose thou hadst forgotten me, but I have long felt very poor and destitute in a spiritual sense, and one is apt at such times to set an especial value on a letter from a Christian friend, and to wish for it when perhaps it may be best for the trial of our faith that we should be left alone. *

* * * Thou hast rightly supposed that I am obliged to bring my private correspondence, little as it was before, into a small compass; indeed, the capacity for religious letter-writing is altogether

wanting, and I think I am now brought to feel that I am nothing, and can do nothing. But because I cannot doubt the unfailing mercy of my God, therefore under a continual sense of human frailty, I can still trust that I shall not be finally left in the power of the enemy."

1860. "The short account thou givest of thy own pursuits and feelings is interesting. To know that poverty is the experience of some whom I esteem as far before me in the Christian life, has many times tended to confirm the hope (which however is never wholly extinguished,) that I am not utterly forsaken; and words of sympathy, when one has reason to believe they are dictated by some small measure of religious feeling, are as words of encouragement to the faint and weary. I venture to hope that I have indeed some share of thy sympathy, and that thy words are not an empty sound. But, truly, I have nothing to ground my hope upon but the boundless mercy and power of my God and Saviour."

6th mo., 1861. "Our Quarterly Meeting takes place at Plymouth on Fourth-day. I am not able to attend it from bodily infirmity. I have lost strength considerably since I was with you. There is much to remind us of the uncertain tenure upon which we hold our lives, and I have

in particular enough to warn me that mine is not likely to be much lengthened out. Poverty is my portion continually under this prospect, but there seems to be, through unmerited mercy, enough of spiritual life to sustain the desire that when the summons shall come, I may be found watching."

The spring of 1861 was marked by a more severe attack of his complaint than he had had before; some alleviation was found as the summer advanced, but the degree of renovation was not equal to what had been gained in previous years. Change of air was again looked to as the only probable outward means of benefit, and a tarriance at Malvern was decided on, the air of that place having been found very beneficial on former occasions. It was not without much deliberation that this journey was resolved upon, and although the result was far different to what had been hoped for, the consoling belief was mercifully granted that all had been ordered well.

The morning after his arrival at Malvern, the 8th of Tenth-month, he wrote the following in a letter to his dear wife, who from long continued bodily infirmity had been unable to accompany him: "I feel hopeful concerning myself in being here, although our leaving home yesterday was attended with some heaviness of heart, and I rode

along as far as B—, sorrowing that such partings were found necessary. There is peace and comfort in casting one's self upon the tender care of the Great Physician, and my feeling on lying down last night was that of a trembling sinner, calling upon *Him*, and trusting in His mercy and care; and herein I think I found peace." During the same day he became alarmingly ill from an aggravation of the disease to which he had long been subject, and from this time until the close his sufferings were frequently very severe. Separated from home, and the one dearest to him on earth, an ardent desire to return prevailed in the early part of his illness; yet he was sweetly enabled to forbear from needless regrets for having taken the journey. He frequently at this time gave expression to his feelings, saying one day "how good it was to be permitted to feel where our dependence lies, and that though painfully separated, he felt a comforting assurance that we were not forgotten or disregarded by Him who is our only Helper." One morning, after the 15th chapter of John had been read he remarked—"How sweet and assuring are these words of the dear Redeemer! I have felt at this time, as in times before when reading them, some capacity to apply them. I have felt these opportunities when we have sat

down together to endeavour to wait upon the Lord, very precious. It seems difficult to me to keep the mind always stayed upon God, but I have been permitted at times to lay hold on the Christian's hope, and to feel something of the comfort of the Holy Spirit; and every hour of the day desire to say with a true filial heart 'Thy will be done.'"

The 18th was a low day; discouragement and self-condemnation coming in like a flood, but peace and hope seemed to revive in a few minutes of sweet solemnity as he was settling in for the night, in which he uttered a few words of prayer to be preserved in patience by Him whom he acknowledged as his only Helper. On the 21st, he gave the following in a message to his wife: "I have not been sensible for the last few days of that inward comfort which I seemed to be favoured with before, but am lying very much in a state of nothingness, desiring a little sense of the Divine presence, but hardly having power to seek for it. I desire the prayers of those who are permitted to find access, and my present business seems to be to maintain patience in a low season, not without hope."

As there seemed by this time to be no prospect of its being safe for him to attempt the journey home, it had been concluded for his dear wife

to go to him at Malvern. The difficulty and apparent danger of the journey in her state of health had cost him more anxious thoughtfulness than he seemed to have strength for, but under a little trust that it was right, hope prevailed with him that it would be safely accomplished. On the 29th, he wrote,—“ I wish thee to know that I feel the love of God to abound in my heart, and whilst feeling myself to be very sinful and unclean, I am able to trust in the love and the all sufficiency of our dear Saviour, whose power to cleanse has been made manifest under the present chastening, and who will clothe with the robe of his own righteousness all who come to him in penitence and faith.” The following letter was dictated on the same day: “ Thy note proved truly cordial and comforting, for although I have been greatly favoured to feel peaceful under the present trying dispensation, it is strengthening and encouraging to be assured by one whom I love and highly value in the Truth, that he has such feelings towards me as those thou hast expressed. It is an unexpected, and most probably, total and final separation from my worldly concerns ; but I have a little faith to believe that there is a merciful Providence in the present dispensation, and I trust it will be blessed to me.

* * I feel my bodily strength greatly prostrated, so as to be unable well to use my pen since lying on this bed. I think it will be a comfort to thee to know, however, that I have been greatly favoured with a sense of resignation to the Divine will, and with patience; and I think I may acknowledge with thankfulness that there have been many seasons in which there has been a precious sense of Heavenly love spread over us, more particularly on some occasions when silently sitting with my sons and daughters; so that I have a strong hope and trust in the mercy and goodness of God, not for my own sake, for I am wholly unworthy and impure, but for the sake of Him who died for us, and who I trust is willing to cover me with the robe of His righteousness."

On the 2nd of Eleventh month, the little home circle were permitted to meet in safety at Malvern, which was an unspeakable comfort to him. The symptoms of his complaint became at the same time more alarming, with a greater amount of suffering, and it soon became evident that his strength was failing under them, and that he was drawing near to the end of his time on earth. He was quite aware that this was the case, while the calmness and sweetness of his demeanour showed that there was no fear for him in the

prospect. The Christian charity which had been so largely exemplified in his character, became more than ever conspicuous, and love to *all* seemed to fill his heart.

19th of Eleventh month. He said: "I think I have felt a desire this morning to be kept near to the Lord, and maintain a watching, waiting state. It is not an easy thing to maintain a state of waiting. O how joyful will that condition be when every cloud is removed, and our eyes are permitted to look upon Zion! That such will be my experience, I humbly trust, in due time."

22nd. In a message to one of his sons: "My nights have been very restless; I feel some increase of weakness, yet favoured pretty much with quietness of mind: no joyous state, but a peaceful repose, trusting in my Saviour's unfailing love."

24th. "I feel this morning renewedly enabled to repose on the faithfulness of Israel's Shepherd. Though unable of myself to bear the trials of the body with patience and resignation, it is my fervent desire, nay, my earnest prayer, that I may be enabled to bear all the trials that may be laid upon me to the praise and honour of His great and glorious name." The same afternoon, he prayed—"O Lord be pleased to help me in

this season of sinking and of conflict, when the inward and outward man seem perishing together. O make known thy ancient promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be!'"

After a night when the wind had been very high and stormy, and he seemed very restless and suffering, he remarked—"I have no doubt the state of the elements last night had something to do with my state of body; but the thought came to me that He who commands the wind to blow and the storm to beat, is *my God*; and in that thought I found peace."

On the 28th, he said—"I feel a humble trust at this time, that whenever it shall please the Lord to put an end to this state of suffering, he will grant to my immortal spirit an admittance within the Pearl Gates. I need your prayers that I may be preserved in patience."

6th of Twelfth month. Having changed his position, he said it might do for a few moments—he could only live moment by moment, and then exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thy iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases!" "I have remembered his mercies of old, and the sweet seasons with which we were at times favoured in the early part of this illness, when

an assurance seemed to be granted that all would be well in the end; and though it has pleased Him somewhat to hide the light of his countenance since then, yet I trust the Everlasting Arm has been underneath, supporting, and enabling me to bear my sufferings with some measure of patience—sustaining in that hope in which my soul is anchored; and I may now say that though my flesh and my heart faileth, I am enabled to adopt the language—‘God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.’ And though I may not be permitted to see it here, I believe that ‘Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel’s land,’* and that that glory will be my portion, through *unmerited, infinite mercy!*”

Another time he said: “Though I may not see it now, I believe there is a celestial city, and that He who has made atonement for my sins is the King Eternal there.”

8th, First-day. “I have but one want, and that is patience. I do not know whether it will hold out. We must wait the Lord’s time.” In the evening he said his feelings were like those expressed in the words—“Why hast thou forsaken me, why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?”

* From a hymn which had been read to him.

On the morning of the 9th, all his family who were at hand assembled round his bed, as he lay apparently in a dying state. He did not move for a long time, but at length roused up and said, "I thought just now that I was passing away, but I do not think so now; I believe there is more suffering in store for me," and soon after added—"Don't forget, the Lord doeth all things well; whatever my sufferings are, or may yet be, *He doeth all things well.*"

On several occasions prayer was vocally offered for him for a little respite from suffering, or that he might soon be favoured with a peaceful release, and an entrance into the rest he so ardently longed for, and he would respond "Amen, amen, saith my soul." A painful spasm coming on soon after one of these occasions, he exclaimed, "*Nevertheless*, we may say, Blessed be God, who hath not turned away our prayer, nor his mercy from us."

10th. In the evening he seemed to be taking a review of the circumstances of his coming to Malvern, and referred to the desire he felt before he left home that if he should have to lay down his head there, the event might be for the glory of Christ. That desire remained with him still, and he seemed to be cheered with the belief that

such would be the result. After speaking for some time on this subject, emphatically referring again to the work of his Lord and Saviour as the sole ground of his hope of salvation, he proceeded—"and taking a little more enlarged view, my desire is, that from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name may be praised, not only among the heathen, but among professing Christians, and the incense of a broken heart be offered unto Him, and in the true sense of the term, *a pure offering*."

The bodily pains and sufferings were very great, and frequently he expressed his desire for a speedy release, yet praying that patience might be granted him to wait the Lord's time.

In the afternoon of the 11th, the day before his death, he said, "I want to be of the number of those who shall see Jerusalem, a quiet habitation. I *shall* see it, I humbly trust." Then he went on to speak of those who "found the colt tied, and spread their garments in the way, and went before, crying 'Behold, thy King cometh, blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord,—Hosanna in the highest!' O how triumphant was that song, Hosanna!" He spoke also of "those whose garments are washed and made white, so as no fuller on earth can white them."

“It seems as if the blessed experience were not yet come—it *will* come, I humbly trust.”

The nights had been times of great distress and restlessness, but on this one he had more quiet rest than usual. Once, when awake, he repeated again the words—“Thy King cometh,—Hosanna!” Towards morning a great change was perceived in him, and his family were again summoned to his bedside. He was perfectly clear in mind, but the powers of speech had nearly failed, and though he endeavoured to express himself, it was but a few words which could be understood. “Joy” — “Almighty Provider” — “The Lord be with you all”—were among these proving that the desire remained with him to testify with his latest breath to the goodness of the Lord, and to comfort those he was leaving with the assurance of his own happiness.

Many hours of bodily distress succeeded, but towards the middle of the day the conflict seemed to cease; he was laid in what appeared to be a comfortable position, his countenance wore an expression of perfect peace, and about six o'clock in the evening, he gently ceased to breathe.

JOHN CASPAR DYMOND, 26 23 4 mo. 1862

New Plymouth, New Zealand.

ALFRED EDDINGTON, 28 3 12 mo. 1861

Chelmsford. Son of William Eddington.

- JOSEPH EDMONDSON, 73 31 10 mo. 1861
Manchester.
- ARTHUR DIXON EDWARDS, 28 7 11 mo. 1861
Hindwell, Herefordshire. Son of W. P. Edwards.
- SARAH ENGLISH, 89 14 9 mo. 1862
Thorn Brook, Ballinderry, Co. Antrim.
- MARY FAWCETT, 68 2 7 mo. 1862
Lisburn, Ireland. Wife of Thomas Fawcett.
- ANNE FITCH, *Chelmsford.* 73 21 4 mo. 1862
- ELIZABETH FLANAGAN, 80 18 8 mo. 1862
Bloomfield, Co. Waterford.
- ELLEN FOLLOWS, 19 1 9 mo. 1862
Saffron Walden. Daughter of George and Emily Follows.
- MARY FORD, 83 4 8 mo. 1862
Morcambe Lodge, Yealand. Widow of John Ford.
- JOHN FOWLER, 69 24 11 mo. 1861
Elm Grove, near Melksham. An Elder.

There is little to be said as to the *life* of John Fowler, because it was unusually free from incident; but it is thought that some instruction may be derived from a short record of the more salient points of a character which was in some respects an uncommon one.

The effect of his early training was always more

or less discernible—in a straightforward simplicity which was very conspicuous.

The most marked peculiarity of his nature was, that it was forcible. His opinions were slowly formed, but when once adopted they were not easily moved; and for the most part they were the result of a sound and well-advised judgment.

He was full of love and gentleness to those with whom he was really intimate, considering their comfort and interest when they might scarcely perceive it, owing to the unobtrusiveness of his attentions; but he was naturally shy and reserved towards strangers, who might even have considered him *stern*, had they judged merely by the vigorous expression of his countenance. In short he was an *earnest* man, and he was earnest because he truly feared God, and was keenly alive to the shortness of life and the necessity of a readiness to depart hence.

He was a very diligent reader of the Bible, spending a portion of each morning with the greatest regularity in meditation and prayer. A reverent and exalted conception of the majesty and holiness of God distinguished his religious feelings, and deepened his appreciation of the Divine love in the Christian dispensation, whilst

his faith was evinced by his works. His object was to please God as his first duty, not to obtain the esteem of his fellow-men ; but they were not slow to appreciate his sterling worth, and wide was the circle of those who availed themselves of his counsel and assistance.

As years advanced, the love of Christ, his Saviour, became increasingly conspicuous, and he was emphatically a happy Christian ;—one whose religion was a constant source of joy and peace, which beamed forth in his countenance and were not unfrequently acknowledged in word. He felt intensely the uncertainty of life, but this did not depress him ; on the contrary—he became in his latter days more and more cheerful, as if he felt that each day brought him nearer to a heavenly home. It may perhaps without irreverence be said of him—“ He was not, for God took him.” With awful suddenness, and with scarcely the opportunity for saying a word to his attendants, he was taken away, acknowledging in his last faltering accents, that his trust was still firm on the arm of that God whom he had so long sought to serve.

ANNA FOX,

70 1 12 mo. 1861

Windermere. An Elder.

The memory of her whose death is here recorded is so dear, and her Christian walk was so

remarkable for its uprightness and consistency, that a brief notice of her character may be interesting to many.

Anna Fox was the second daughter of George and Frances Fox, of Perran Arworthal, in the county of Cornwall. Both her parents were held in high esteem by a generation now almost passed away; and both were earnest in training their children for a life of usefulness and an eternity of blessedness.

Anna Fox early entered on the life of usefulness. While still young, the tender charge of her infirm parents, and the care of the motherless children of a widowed brother, together with many other relative and social duties, rested on herself and her younger sister.

Only those who were intimately acquainted with her daily walk, know how nobly, how self-forgetfully, and how conscientiously, she harmonized one duty with another, and brought religious principle to bear on each.

The early and prolonged pressure of many wilderness cares and trials helped to qualify her, in a measure rarely excelled, for enlarged sympathy in the trials and sorrows of others. Her large heart was always open to the appeal of the needy; and her hand was ever ready to obey

the apostle's exhortation, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Skilful in binding up the bruised reed, tender in pouring in the oil and the wine of heavenly consolation, she was ever uncompromising in maintaining the standard of Christian rectitude, and in bringing practice into agreement with profession. It is believed that her patient and unostentatious labours of love in her own neighbourhood, not only in the cottages of the poor, but also in the workhouse and prison, bore fruits to the praise of Him who hath said, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Of the religious Society to which she was attached, Anna Fox was a useful and a beloved member. In more than one meeting she filled the office of Elder with judgment and faithfulness. Her own religious faith was sound and clear; but it declared itself more in practice than in profession,—more in love and charity than in correction and rebuke.

A low estimate of her own qualifications was a leading feature of her character; and, while depreciating self, she ever loved to dwell on the brighter and better side of other people's actions and motives; habitually checking every tendency to detraction or unkind criticism.

As she advanced in life the one central object of her soul's trust—"Christ Jesus and Him crucified,"—became increasingly precious; and, in like measure, the fruits of the Spirit increased and abounded.

In her declining years it pleased the Lord to chasten her with many bodily infirmities. And thus, she, who had hitherto delighted to care for others, became the patient and dependent invalid. Those who knew her former capacities for active usefulness, and her enjoyment therein, marvelled at the sweetness and submission with which she bowed her head to this new trial. She seemed as willing, now, to suffer and to be passive, as she once had been to do and to serve. The same grace which had once qualified her for life's practical duties, now enabled her, without a murmur, to take her place, with meekness, as at the feet of Jesus—doing little, but loving much.

Even in seasons of heaviness and oppression her sympathies were still in lively exercise. She had generally a tear for every mourner, and a sigh for every sufferer, *but herself*. Yet it was the story of a Saviour's love, brought home to sinners, which chiefly enlisted her interest. The eye would beam with gladness, and the lip would tremble with emotion, whenever tidings reached

her of sinners converted from their sins, or of backsliders returning to Jesus.

Her last days are described, by her beloved surviving sister, as "days of almost perfect peace." To number their blessings, and to trace them to the Fountain-Head of all good was the frequent theme of conversation between these two sister-pilgrims. Every anxiety and every care seemed, latterly, lifted off from the invalid's mind. Even the last remaining care—that of her treasured sister's loneliness in the event of her own departure—seemed gently taken away. Some time previously, she had remarked to one of her nieces, "It *had* been one of the desires of my life to survive Rebecca: because I thought I could do better without her than she without me. But the case is taken out of my hands. I can leave her *now* with comfort and confidence. * * * I have no anxiety: I am able to leave all things. I live just one day at a time. It will all be well. *I know that much.*" Thus was one, whose natural disposition was, even more than commonly, subject to many doubts and fears, tranquilized and pacified by "the very God of peace." "It is not of myself: it is all given me," was her own characteristic reply to some remark respecting her patience and submission.

The messenger of death came, at last, very swiftly; but the waiting disciple was not taken by surprise. It would even seem as if she felt herself to be on the threshold of her heavenly home: for, just before she sank into a state of unconsciousness, she took the hand of her sister, the sweet companion of life's long journey, and, looking into her face with an expression of unspeakable love, gently said, "My dear! I wish I could take thee with me." In a few hours she was at home in their Heavenly Father's house.

JOSEPH FOX, *Falmouth.* 69 25 12 mo. 1861

THOMAS FOX, 75 1 5 mo. 1862

Bristol. An Elder.

MARY FREESTONE, 81 8 12 mo. 1861

Hoxton, London. Wife of Joseph Freestone.

JOSEPH FREESTONE, 79 25 4 mo. 1862

Hoxton, London.

CONSTANCE ATILA FRY, 1 25 8 mo. 1862

Clifton Wood, Bristol. Daughter of Albert and Richenda Fry.

FRANCIS EDWARD GIBSON, 30 21 5 mo. 1862

Saffron Walden, Essex.

WYATT GEORGE GIBSON, 72 5 9 mo. 1862

Saffron Walden, Essex.

JOHN GILLETT, 76 27 11 mo. 1861

Street, Somerset. An Elder.

HANNAH MARY GILLETT, 37 15 1 mo. 1862
Banbury. Daughter of Joseph Ashby and
Martha Gillett.

That the work of conversion and preparation had long been going forward in the heart of the subject of this notice, was manifest to her friends; and very teaching is the remembrance of the Christian patience, and resignation, and even cheerfulness, with which she bore her long and gradually increasing infirmities. A severe attack of scarlet fever whilst at school, in her seventh or eighth year, seemed to lay the foundation for that delicate state of health, which was afterwards more or less her portion; although until within about twelve years of her death no very decided symptoms of disease were apparent. About this time gradual loss of power in the whole of the right side awakened uneasiness on her account; and although many and various remedies were tried, as well as change of air, her helplessness continued to increase until the left side also became affected, so that, for several years before her death, she could not stand alone, and was dependent on those around her for almost everything she wanted—yet although her bodily powers thus failed, her mind continued to the last bright and clear, and she would enter with tender feeling

into the interests of all around her. Thus smitten in the bloom of youth, when life and all its fair prospects seemed opening before her, she had to struggle with the desires of the naturally corrupt heart, ere that resignation was attained which strikingly marked her later years. But He who had seen meet thus to lay his chastening hand upon her, was pleased also to reveal his love towards her in Christ Jesus, and to give her a sense of the joys of his eternal kingdom.

The following selections from her memoranda, commencing about her 15th year, will somewhat pourtray the state of her mind: "22nd of Eighth month, 1841. This is my sixteenth birth-day. When I awoke this morning, my heart was bowed in secret praises to the Lord for his past mercies. What innumerable blessings has he strewed upon my path,—when I trace the leadings of his Holy Spirit, I am lost in the remembrance of his boundless mercy. O Lord, enable me through the riches of thy everlasting love to adore thee for thy gracious dealings with me."

"7th of Sixth month, 1842. I am often led to recur to the illness I had last Eleventh month (typhus fever). I fear, now I am restored to health again, I do not so earnestly seek the Lord. It was a very solemn consideration with me then,

whether if I was removed from this world, I was prepared to die, and I feared that this was not the case. O then with what earnestness, should I now seek to make my peace with God."

"13th of Twelfth month, 1844. * * * *
Blessed for ever be thy Holy name, O Lord, thou hast in thy infinite mercy condescended, time after time, to be with me in the furnace, to purge away some of the dross and tin from a vessel which, I humbly trust, after repeated purifying, will be made meet for thy blessed use."

"22nd of Fourth month, 1846. To-day I have been led to remember how my vain desires have been crucified,—my disposition even when young leading me often to wish that I might be allowed to be like some others of my companions; but about the time I left school the fear of acting in opposition to my dear parents' wishes, whilst above all I trust was that of disobeying thee, my Heavenly Father, led me to yield to some little crosses, which I should otherwise have strongly opposed. Then did I pour forth the secret prayer, that I might be enabled to give up all, 'that to the fire which was for the fire, and that to the sword which was for the sword.'"

"20th of Tenth month, 1848. My spiritual state is indeed a poor stripped one, and yet I am

comforted in the belief that He in whom I have been enabled to place my trust, is more than sufficient for my many weaknesses, and will graciously condescend to undertake for me, when I may have to feel that I have no power of my own."

"24th of Eleventh month, 1848. The Lord in infinite mercy will not, I believe, suffer the bruised reed to be broken, until by the powerful operations of his hand, he has entirely subdued the corrupt nature within me. O may my Heavenly Refiner carry on his glorious work in my soul, that I may at last have an inheritance in his undefiled kingdom."

"31st of Twelfth month, 1848. Blessed, for ever blessed, O Lord, be thy matchless power and love; thou hast been pleased so to brighten the prospect of everlasting rest in thy glorious kingdom, that no trial has seemed too great, if through unmerited mercy I am at last thoroughly purified and cleansed."

"31st of Twelfth month, 1851 or 52. * * * Although I am brought into many spiritual baptisms, I am enabled to feel that I have not one trial too much. My Heavenly Father in his inscrutable wisdom has been pleased to lay his hand upon me. I fear I was allowing myself too

fondly to anticipate some of the enjoyments of this life, so that I feel they have been thus set aside in boundless mercy; and earnestly do I desire, that I may not throw discouragement in the way of others, by not seeking entire resignation to the Lord's will."

"16th of Fifth month, 1856. O the wonderful love of God! I cannot express the sense I am permitted to feel of his unbounded love in Christ, my blessed Redeemer: it is indeed unutterable."

"21st of Second month, 1858. I do not now assemble with my friends for the solemn purpose of worship, as it seems better for me not to do so; but whilst I cannot enjoy this privilege, I trust I seek in retirement of soul to wait upon the Lord."

"22nd of Eighth month, 1860. Words cannot set forth the Lord's marvellous lovingkindness, sometimes enabling me, even in the hour of deepest trial to glorify his holy name, and so supporting me with the blessed sense of his boundless love and mercy, that whilst my affections are drawn from many earthly enjoyments, I humbly trust, they are more and more centred in Heaven; and I earnestly crave, that I may, through redeeming love, be finally made meet for this glorious home of endless rest. * * * *
Bodily strength seems to have for ever gone from

me, and I do not desire it should return, if it is not my Heavenly Father's will,—only I do crave, that the breathing of my soul may be 'Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done.' Yet, whilst my earthly sojourn must be one of much poverty and weakness, may I be enabled to seek to be girded continually with those spiritual weapons, which are mighty through God: until, having had my robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, I am prepared to enter through the pearl gates into that glorious city, whose walls are salvation, and her gates praise,—yes, endless praise, to the Lord God and the Lamb; for I shall then know a glorious and eternal union to thee, my precious Saviour, the many dear ones who are gone before to their everlasting rest, and the just of all generations."

Thus seeking to be found as a servant in waiting, her last illness, though short, did not find her unprepared. During the many years of increasing weakness which had been her portion, she had been concerned to cherish a lively interest for the best welfare of those around her. She sought to make her daily rides profitable by the distribution of tracts, and on market-days would sometimes be drawn in her Bath chair among the people, and give away these little messengers;

occasionally accompanying them with a word of counsel or encouragement. She was anxious that her absence from meeting should not prevent others from attending, and it was her usual practice to spend some time at the commencement of each day in meditation, reading, and prayer.

On entering the last year of her life, she thus records her feelings, in a note to her beloved mother, dated First Month, 1st, 1862:

“Another year is now for ever past, and very solemn are the feelings which attend the opening of a new one. O may it prove one of steady advancement towards that Heavenly home, whose redeemed inhabitants are permitted to realize the blessed exchange of faith for perfect sight, and prayer for endless praise.”

Her last illness which was only of a few days' continuance appeared to be brought on by cold. On Sixth-day, the 10th of First month, though very weak, she wished to sit up a little, and was wheeled into the dining-room to have her tea, returning to the sofa directly afterwards. She was very cheerful and spoke occasionally of various little family interests, and was much delighted at the unexpected arrival that evening of her dear mother and sister from London. On First-day, the 12th, she did not leave her bed, but

seemed much pleased to see several Friends who called on her. On her dear mother telling her in the evening that they did not think her recovery probable, and asking her if she felt peaceful, she replied—"Yes, my precious Saviour is very near to me, and I believe the Everlasting Arms will be my support." A restless night followed, with much suffering from difficulty of breathing; but in the early morning of Second-day she appeared more comfortable, and when her dear mother went to sit by her, sweetly said "I want to go to my Heavenly home." Soon after, whilst suffering much from her breathing, she remarked: "The Lord's hand has been laid heavily upon me, but it is all intended for my eternal good, and I shall have to praise him for it," and then repeated—

"O Death, thou last portion of sorrow,
The prospect of Heaven is bright,
And fair is the dawn of its morrow,
But stormy and dreadful thy night.
O thou who hast broken the power
Of this the last victor of men,
Be with me in that solemn hour,
O grant me deliverance then."

And again:—

"O death how beautiful thy feet,
That come to bring me peace,
That bear me to my Saviour's seat,
Where sin and sorrow cease."

Sympathy being expressed for her under her sufferings she said, "I believe they are intended to prove me," and added, "this difficulty of breathing is very trying, but it will soon be exchanged for the ceaseless breath of praise and song." During Second-day night the great difficulty of breathing again tried her, when she petitioned again and again "Thy will be done,"—"Thy will be done *entirely*."

On Third-day morning she remarked—"My precious Saviour has done so much for me, he has washed my sins away in his precious blood—but I am very unworthy after all." That evening, after passing through several hours of suffering, she appeared particularly bright and clear, and on receiving a message of love from one of her absent brothers, and the expression of his belief that she would soon be where there is no more sickness, she said—"That is a great comfort—I trust I am ripening for that blessed land—it makes the parting easier to think I shall meet you again in Heaven." At another time she said, "Though my sufferings seem great, they are nothing to what some have to go through," and added, turning to those around her, "you make me so comfortable, I feel very grateful for all that is done,"—then "what a precious time I have had for preparation; I ought to be very thankful."

During Third-day night, she became exceedingly ill, and early on Fourth-day morning the family were again summoned around her bed. Extreme exhaustion succeeded difficulty of breathing, and her bodily powers were too enfeebled to admit of much expression, yet the words "I shall not be here—longer," followed by "bright—bright—bright," conveyed the idea that the gates of Heaven, already opening, granted her a foresight of the brightness of that eternal day, which for ever gladdens the city of God; and thus about five o'clock in the morning her purified spirit, freed from the shackles of mortality, peacefully, and even joyfully, ascended to her God and Saviour, for ever to unite with that glorious company of his redeemed, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, in the everlasting song of Alleluia,—Alleluia,—the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

ELIZABETH GILLETT, 26 30 4 mo. 1862
Banbury. Daughter of Joseph Ashby and
Martha Gillett.

Called away at an unexpected moment, so soon after the beloved sister of whom the preceding memorial is given, and by an illness which precluded on her part much expression, her sorrowing friends have the consolation of believing

that through the riches of redeeming love, with her also all is well. In the near prospect of death, she frequently assured those around her that she was *very happy*, and shortly before the close sweetly said, "My blessed Saviour! He is precious."

ELIZABETH GOPSILL, 63 30 4 mo. 1862
Chelmsford.

JOSHUA W. GOULDING, 10 16 6 mo. 1862
Cork. Son of Humphreys M. Goulding.

JANE GREEN, 40 15 7 mo. 1862
Trumra, Co. Antrim. Daughter of Jacob Green.

MARIA GREER, 48 26 7 mo. 1862
Lurgan, Ireland.

WILLIAM HENRY GRUBB, 21 26 12 mo. 1861
Limerick. Son of Thomas and Elizabeth Grubb.

SARAH GUNDRY, *Leeds.* 20 1 9 mo. 1862
Daughter of William and Anne L. Gundry.

This dear young friend was very unexpectedly arrested by serious illness in the early part of the present year, but, favoured to be made sensible of a Saviour's love, she was enabled to bear acute suffering with a degree of patience and cheerfulness, which His support alone could have given her.

She sent her dear love to all her relatives and

friends, and requested that they might be told not to put off the great work of preparation for eternity to a death-bed—that they would then have enough to do to bear the pains of illness; and besides this, they might never have the long time of preparation which she had been most mercifully favoured with. She particularly requested her youngest sister to come to Jesus and to value her Bible, much regretting that she herself had not set a higher value upon the Holy Scriptures in time of health. She had a deep sense of the need of that “holiness without which no man shall see the Lord,” and earnestly prayed that if it were the will of her Heavenly Father, she might have a clearer sense that all her sins were blotted out, and that there was nothing in the way of her entrance into the kingdom of Heaven.

Three days before her decease she told her father, after a solemn time of waiting upon the Lord together, during which the presence of the Saviour was very sweetly felt,—how great a favour she viewed it, that she had been enabled to bear her sufferings with patience. She expressed her sense of the unimportance of every thing of this world as compared with the joys of eternity, and her gratitude for the parental care which had been exercised over her, and for the prayers which had

been offered from her infancy on her behalf. She said that the debt of gratitude which she owed to her Saviour, for the many advantages which He had inclined her friends to bestow upon her, and still more for his own love to her, was unbounded, and could never be repaid. After some time of silence she added, "Now I feel as if there was nothing in the way, as though all my sins are forgiven, and the Lord Jesus is ready to receive me. If I am favoured at the last with the same assurance which I have just had, it is all I can ask for. The lowest seat in the kingdom of Heaven, is the one I would choose, and it is infinitely above all that I deserve. I have nothing of my own in the slightest degree to depend upon; my whole trust is in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus."

Her extreme conscientiousness, and her keen sense of any thing sinful was evinced on the following day by her grief for having, as she thought, spoken hastily to her sister when suffering extreme pain. She reproached herself deeply, and for some hours her peace seemed almost taken away. But towards night the sense of her Saviour's forgiveness was again permitted to cheer her, and she was once more enabled to enjoy a season of spiritual communion with her dear relatives,

never to be forgotten by them. She appeared almost in ecstasies at the prospect before her, and several times repeated "Are we not happy? Don't we feel the presence of Jesus here?" She said "O how glad I shall be to welcome you, but you will want to fly to Jesus first."

When conversing respecting her beloved mother, and told of the joy it would be to meet her in Heaven, she assented, but added that the delight of meeting her Saviour would be infinitely greater. Again she said, "O I feel that He is indeed the Pearl of great price: if we have Him we have everything; we don't want anything else, if we have Him *really, really.*"

On the last day of her life she endured extreme anguish. She said her sufferings were intense, more than she had ever before experienced; yet she never appeared at all impatient. It was evident that Divine support enabled her thus to triumph over the weakness of nature. She attended to the reading of the New Testament and to texts and hymns repeated to her, with unabated interest. She sweetly addressed those about her several times, on one occasion saying to her eldest sister, "O, tell thy scholars to come to Jesus! tell them I could not bear *this* without Him;" again, begging her youngest sister to do

the same, she exclaimed "Would it not be delightful, if I could take you all to Heaven with me?" She was full of love, and all present felt it a great privilege to be united around her dying bed. Her strength was now so reduced that she could not turn herself without help. Towards evening her father told her that he believed her sufferings were drawing to a close. "O," said she, "that is indeed a favour;" and nearly her last expression while fully conscious was "Dear Jesus, thou art the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely."

ABIGAIL HADWEN, *Kendal.* 77 22 5 mo. 1862

LETITIA HAGGER, 75 16 2 mo. 1862
Ashford, Kent.

LOUISA HALL, 22 27 10 mo. 1861
Grange, Westmoreland. Daughter of Benjamin and Catherine Hall.

HENRY HALL, 10 5 1 mo. 1862
Papcastle, near Cockermouth. Son of Hannah Hall.

ISAAC HALL, 68 29 11 mo. 1861
High Studdon, Cumberland.

JOHN TURNER HALL, 41 8 5 mo. 1862
Maldon, Essex.

WILLIAM HANCOCK, 79 17 3 mo. 1862
Hackney, near London.

- THOMAS HANDLEY, 6 11 9 mo. 1862
Kendal. Son of Daniel and Ann Handley.
- SUSANNA HANKS, 81 11 8 mo. 1862
Cork. Widow of James Hanks.
- ANN S. HARRISON, 27 18 5 mo. 1862
Irthington, near Carlisle.
- WILLIAM HARTAS, Junr., 20 30 12 mo. 1861
Danby, Yorkshire, Son of William Hartas.
- SUSANNA M. HARVEY, 52 13 8 mo. 1862
Upper Caher Abbey, Co. Tipperary. Daughter of Thomas Harvey.
- HENRY HAYDOCK, 70 12 12 mo. 1861
Cabra, near Grange, Ireland.
- ELIZABETH HAYDOCK, 76 20 5 mo. 1862
Cabra, near Grange, Ireland.
- RALPH HEYES, 63 17 6 mo. 1862
Bedford, near Leigh, Lancashire.
- RUTH HEYWOOD, *Manchester.* 91 14 4 mo. 1862
- SARAH HOBSON, 21 22 3 mo. 1862
Moy, Ireland. Daughter of William and Susanna Hobson.
- ROBERT HOLMES, 24 4 mo. 1862
Taclestone, Norfolk. Son of John Holmes.
- MARGARET HOLMES, 46 22 6 mo. 1862
Bradford, Yorkshire. Wife of John Holmes.
- ANNE HOOWE, 80 7 1 mo. 1862
Edenderry, Ireland.

MARGARET HOPE,	60	7	1 mo.	1862
<i>West Houghton, Lancashire.</i>				
GEORGE HORSNAILL, <i>Ipswich.</i>	55	6	8 mo.	1862
JOHN HUBBERT,	79	4	1 mo.	1862
<i>Bocking, Essex.</i>				
REBECCA HUBBERT,	32	11	5 mo.	1862
<i>London.</i> Wife of Samuel Hubbert.				
THOMAS HUDSON, <i>Dublin.</i>	78	31	12 mo.	1861
JESSIE HUGHES,	1	31	1 mo.	1862
<i>Roseville, Clonmel.</i> Daughter of Thomas and H. C. Hughes.				
ELIZABETH HULBERT,	84	13	11 mo.	1861
<i>Bristol.</i> Widow of Thomas Hulbert.				
JANE HUNT,	79	26	5 mo.	1862
<i>Barcombe, near Lewis, Sussex.</i> Widow of John Hunt.				
JOHN HUSTLER,	64	5	12 mo.	1861
<i>Rosemerryn, Falmouth.</i>				
WILLIAM JACKSON, <i>Malton.</i>	52	21	11 mo.	1861
ROBERT JACOB,	31	13	10 mo.	1861
<i>Rathgar, Co. Dublin.</i> Son of Isaac and Anne Jacob.				
ANNE CAROLINE JOHNSON,	1	5	3 mo.	1862
<i>Gateshead.</i> Daughter of Benjamin and Ann Johnson.				
JOSHUA INGLE, <i>Sheffield.</i>	79	4	1 mo.	1862
JAMES KENDAL, <i>Kendal.</i>	82	28	4 mo.	1862

- SARAH KENDRICK, 69 25 11 mo. 1861
Chatteris. Wife of Thomas Kendrick.
- ELLEN MARIA KENWAY, 2 22 5 mo. 1862
Birmingham. Daughter of Gowen B. and
Hannah P. Kenway.
- LYDIA KERR, 74 9 12 mo. 1861
Drummond, Grange, Ireland. Wife of John
Kerr.
- JOHN KING, 71 10 5 mo. 1862
Rawtenstall, Crawshawbooth, Lancashire.
- JOHN KIRK, 75 15 7 mo. 1862
Highflatts, Yorkshire.
- THOMAS KNIGHT, Junr., 26 10 12 mo. 1861
London. Son of Thos. and Elizabeth Knight.
- THOMAS KNIGHT, *Colchester.* 69 13 9 mo. 1862
- JONATHAN KNOWLES, 90 8 9 mo. 1862
Westminster, London.
- JOHN LABREY, 64 24 1 mo. 1862
Woodland Mount, near Huddersfield.
- JOHN LAMB, *Sibford Ferris.* 75 19 11 mo. 1861
- SARAH LATCHMORE, 76 10 1 mo. 1862
Northampton. Wife of Edward Latchmore.
- ELIZABETH LIDBETTER, 44 22 1 mo. 1862
Wigton School. Wife of Martin Lidbetter.
- ANN LINNEY, 33 3 4 mo. 1862
Ackworth. Daughter of George F. and Mary
Linney.

SAMUEL LLOYD, 67 2 9 mo. 1862
Wednesbury. An Elder.

AMELIA MACDONAGAL, 28 6 8 mo. 1862
Manchester. Daughter of Duncan and Amelia
Macdonagal.

EMILY MANSER, *Hitchin.* 35 9 8 mo. 1862

From infancy her constitution was extremely delicate, and the want of physical vigour with the constant care which her infirm health required, rendered her somewhat of a recluse. Thus withdrawn in some degree from general society, and gifted with uncommon powers of mind, she spent much of her time in reading and reflection. Her favourite study was Theology. She acquired the Greek language that she might study the New Testament in its original tongue. Few were probably better acquainted with the history of the Arian and Socinian controversies; and few watched with more attention, the doctrinal differences which have of late divided the Protestant churches of this land. She was well read in the doctrinal works of our early Friends, and esteemed them very highly.

She rarely offered an opinion on these subjects in conversation, but was willing, when appealed to, to impart her knowledge, and the conclusions she had formed in the course of her reading; and

although in her last illness she speaks of her life as "wasted" in regard to the good of others, the share which she bore in works of a philanthropic nature seemed not small, considering her feeble health.

In saying so much, it is intended only to state facts, not in the smallest degree to blunt the edge of her dying words; but, on the contrary, to commend her testimony to the practical character of the Gospel, to the conscience of our young friends everywhere, desiring that they may be of the "timely wise," who, in the light of the Holy Spirit, take a just measure of their responsibilities, and find in the love of Christ an all-efficient motive, and an all-sufficient power for their fulfilment.

The day after her return from London (7 mo. 15) E. M. was taken more poorly, and from the next First-day she may be said to have been in a dying state, although she lingered nearly three weeks.

Her sufferings were often very acute. On First-day evening, the 20th, in a paroxysm of pain, she said: "You pray for me, don't you?" During all her illness she often prayed for patience: and she desired it might be known that she had been supported on her dying bed, though the support, she said, did not come in the way she expected. The same First-day evening, she spoke

much of the Atonement, and on the difference between a notional faith and a saving faith, expressing a longing desire to know that she had a personal interest in the Atonement.

She spoke much also on the subject of prayer; and confessed that she had known prayer answered, even in very little things. She asked those with her, earnestly, if they thought it would be wrong to pray that the pain she then suffered might be taken away. It was answered, it could not be wrong, if in submission to God's will.

Third-day night, the 22nd, was one of extreme distress of body, during which life seemed to be preserved only by constant attention, and the use of remedies.

During this time she was silent regarding the state of her mind. A conflict of spirit had commenced, which lasted several days, and which was for a time too deep for utterance.

The next day her doctor, from Hertford, saw her, and his unfavourable opinion of the disease seemed to take a strong hold of her.

On Fifth-day she rallied, and hopes were for the moment entertained of her ultimate recovery. Notwithstanding these hopes, her mental conflict continued.

On the 26th, she began to speak out of the

abundance of her heart, and was for some days almost constantly employed in utterance, regarding her spiritual condition, her fears and hopes, or in audible prayer. "It seems," she said, "as though the tongue of the dumb is loosed, and it may yet sing."

Her past life rose up before her view, and in the light which now shone upon it, she characterised it as a "wasted life." "I have been so idle," she said, "so careless, and have served Him so little." She bewailed also her pride, her reserve on religious subjects, and how she had failed in her duty to her parents. She spoke of her sins as such as would not be remarked by others, and said: "They are between myself and my God." She wished all to know that her life had not been spent as it ought to have been.

When reminded of many promises showing God's willingness to receive all those who come unto Him through Christ, she said: "Yes, I could demonstrate it *like a problem*, but I want to *feel* it." Every text that was repeated for her encouragement and comfort, and almost every subject that was mentioned, she turned into a prayer. She prayed that those who were in sickness might be supported; and her mind went out over the earth to the condition of the dying. "Hundreds,"

she said, "are dying at this very time, some on the battle field, who may, perhaps, be lifting up their eyes in prayer for the first time;" intimating her feeling that even they might be heard and saved.

Though thus mindful of the state of others, it was long before she could attain to peace of mind respecting herself. Many days did she wrestle mightily for the blessing, supported by a secret hope of mercy.

Many times she appealed to her sisters and a closely attached friend: "This is not like a preparation for everlasting fire, is it? If He had meant to cast me into the pit, He would not have dealt thus with me!"

Her prayers for purification were very striking, "Make me clean from *all* sin;" and again, "sanctify me through Thy Truths, Thy Word is Truth."

One day, while her hands were being washed, she said, "I want to be made clean every whit. I want to have on the wedding robe."

Speaking one day of her poor wasted suffering body, she remembered the text "Who (Christ) shall change our *vile body*, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body," &c. "Ah!" she said, "what a change that will be, to have a glorious body—God does not despise personal

beauty, does He?" She had, when in health, always taken great delight in symmetry of form and beauty, whether in nature or in art, and her appreciation of them was not lessened in her illness, but was generally connected with some idea of a spiritual character. A little ruby in her possession, reminded her of the foundations of the Heavenly City ; and a beautifully clear piece of ice, which she desired to have placed near some sweet flowers on her bed, delighted her, as the emblem of that purity of heart, which she so earnestly prayed for.

"The natural sunshine," she said, "how beautiful it is—but how does the sunshine of the Sun of Righteousness exceed it in excellence. Perhaps I shall be called out of the one into the other."

Her mind often turned to the points of Christian doctrine, which had been her favourite study. "I should like," she said, "to proclaim to all the world the divinity of our Saviour." She tried to realise his amazing love in coming down to die on the cross for our sins, and was greatly comforted in thinking of the words "He ever liveth to make intercession for us," saying, "perhaps He is interceding for me at this moment." She desired to know Him in all His offices.

It is instructive to observe that her prayers were often in very simple language ; such as, she said, she should have criticised before her illness.

Gradually the fiery baptism was removed, for the purifying work was near being accomplished.

On the evening of the 28th, after some conflict, she became more calm. She said " Sometimes I feel a lull come over me like a wave of the sea." For a while she seemed to forget her poor body, and spoke of the deaths of several persons, asking about those she had known. Then she spoke of the martyrs, asking those about her if they remembered the account of Lambert? They did not exactly ; when in the most clear and beautiful manner she described his death by a slow fire, and how he exclaimed, " None but Christ ! none but Christ !" Then how they struck him from one to another with their halberts, but he bore it all patiently, still saying, " None but Christ, none but Christ !" " If Christ could support him, he can also support me. Perhaps I may soon see them [the martyrs] with their palms and harps in their hands before the throne of God."

Then her thoughts still dwelling on what heaven would be like, she said " Thy martyrs will be first, then thy devoted servants, amongst whom I am not worthy to have a place, except through thy mercy."

Near the same time, she said in reference to what had passed before, and to the infinite value of the soul, "I could, if I thought it required of me, speak to thousands."

On Fourth-day morning, the 30th, she seemed very weak, and said she thought the poor body could not last much longer. "I can say," she remarked, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done! and I think he will not cast me away with this prayer in my heart."

Another time, the text being repeated "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God:" she commented shortly on it, and added, "I think I *am* one of the Lord's people."

At another time, in great prostration of body, she said in a loud voice, "*Saved*—but so as by fire;" repeating the text a second time with great energy.

She wished also that it should be understood how entirely all her hope was placed on her Saviour. "I wish everybody to know," she said, "that I am not going out of the world with anything of my own to trust to."

The last few days of her life she spoke often of the Psalms of David, as wonderfully descriptive of different states of mind. She could find in David's experience something suited to all her variations

of feeling, and in the same way hope and rejoicing were often mingled with distress for sin. Many of the most simple devotional hymns were a comfort to her, and she would often repeat stanzas from them suited to her case. As her bodily powers sank the Wesley collection and the Olney hymns were preferred to her favourite Keble.

Two days before her departure, at about one o'clock, she seemed to be dying. On being afterwards asked how she had felt, she said, "I seemed to be waiting—looking to the Saviour—looking straight on, but the gates were not opened. It was like a *taste of the powers of the world to come.*"

Whilst in that state she was mindful that nothing should distract her thoughts from Christ, and was all the while in prayer to him, that he would finish the work and make her quite pure.

The evening before she died she said, "Will it be wrong if I pray for the *full assurance* of faith?" She was told, we might ask for it with confidence as a blessing God designed to give us, and was asked if she did not feel something of it? "Yes," she said, "I have had many comfortable things said to me" (meaning by the Holy Spirit), but added, "There was yet the want of something, a little want," which she longed to realise.

This little want, she said, might be owing in

part to the constitution of her mind. On this evening she listened with comfort to the hymn—

“ Begone unbelief,
My Saviour is near,” &c.

She had often prayed that a time of quiet and ease might be granted her before she died.

Her prayer was answered, and the last day and night were tranquil and free from suffering.

MARY MARSHALL, 70 26 2 mo. 1862
Hounslow, Brentford.

WILLIAM MARSHALL, 65 18 3 mo. 1862
Hounslow, Brentford.

MARGARET MASON, 66 13 11 mo. 1861
Lancaster. Wife of Leonard Mason.

ELLEN MASTERS, 74 6 3 mo. 1862
Peckham. A minister.

In recording the decease of this beloved Friend, it is a pleasing duty to bear testimony to those graces of the Spirit which shone so conspicuously in her character and daily walk, and which, being united to an animating cheerfulness of disposition, made her company generally attractive, especially to her young friends, whilst she was beloved by all.

Her parents belonged to the “Established Church,” and she was herself brought up in connection with it. Two or three years after

having attained her majority her attention was drawn to the Christian principles of Friends, partly by observing the consistent conduct of an elder brother, who had joined the society through many trials and conflicts, and had become a valuable member of it. Persuaded that it was her religious duty to pursue the same self-denying course, she willingly yielded her heart to the constraining love of Christ, and earnestly sought to follow Him in the obedience of faith. Great was the comfort which she found in thus surrendering herself to become His disciple, and she was enabled to give animating proof to those around her that her path was indeed one of pleasantness and peace.

At the time of this interesting crisis in her religious experience she mostly resided in a part of the country where Friends are but little known, and not many particulars respecting this period of her life have been preserved. Yet in her comparatively isolated position she came under the kind notice of some valuable members of the Society, by whom she was much beloved, and esteemed.

She highly valued our Christian principles and testimonies, and much desired that they might be upheld in their integrity and simplicity. As she advanced in life, she felt it to be her duty,

under the influence of Gospel love, to manifest her interest on behalf of her friends, by occasional exhortations in our religious meetings; and for several years she occupied the station of an acknowledged Minister. She was often enabled in a lively manner to offer the word of counsel and encouragement to the weary and heavy laden, and to comfort others with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God.

Her last illness was of some months' duration, when her chamber was often a scene of instruction to those around her. She was not without her seasons of conflict and depression; but her's was a loving and thankful spirit, and, borne above the infirmities and sufferings of the body, she was often engaged to commemorate the love of her blessed Redeemer. She gratefully acknowledged that she had nothing but love and mercy to speak of, repeatedly saying that "she saw her Saviour near—so very near." Shortly before the close, she asked her kind attendant to repeat a hymn, which being done, she looked at her with much sweetness and exclaimed — "Happy, happy! Glory, Glory!"

WILLIAM PRYOR MOUNSEY, 1 25 12 mo. 1861
Hollymount, Beddlington, near Newcastle-on-Tyne. Son of Jasper C. and Elizabeth Mounsey.

ELIZABETH MOUNSEY, 38 31 1 mo. 1862
Hollymount, Beddlington. Wife of Jasper C.
Mounsey.

LUCY SOPHIA MAW, 11 12 7 mo. 1862
Needham Market. Daughter of Samuel A.
and Rachel Maw.

MARTHA MIDGLEY, 78 7 8 mo. 1862
Spring Hill, near Rochdale. An Elder. Widow
of James Midgley.

It may be testified of this beloved Friend that her long life of unostentatious usefulness and of persevering diligence was an exemplification of practical piety. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do—do it with thy might," appeared to be her measure of daily duty.

Of her own qualifications for usefulness in the Church she had a very humble estimate; yet did she often express her concern for its prosperity, and the secret exercise of her spirit for the advancement of the Truth—"as it is in Jesus"—as she stedfastly believed it to be held by our Religious Society.

She was a diligent attender of our religious meetings, and her simplicity, humility, and reverent deportment were exemplary and instructive: her daily walk adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour.

Being quick of understanding in the fear of the Lord, she did not withhold "the word in season;" yet more usually the look of cheerful cordiality evinced her desire to encourage the simple and sincere hearted.

It was her experience to be disciplined by many trials and exercises : amid these she was permitted to realise the fulfilment of our Lord's assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and through this divine grace she was enabled to persevere in cheerful resignation to the end. It was her practice to devote a portion of the evening to private retirement in her own room, as well as to be diligent in the daily private reading of the Holy Scriptures.

In reference to the former she remarked, during her last illness, that "silent retirement of spirit before the Lord was little appreciated by many," adding, "what should I do without it? Ah! we need the quiet. I hope the practice has not been a formal one with me." The contriting influence often attending these opportunities for spiritual communion and refreshment was apparent; evidencing that she had been with Jesus.

The renewed conviction that "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of

regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost," came forcibly to view in the prospect of her approaching change; and found expression in the few but fervent words, "Wondrous Redeemer! what should we do without a Redeemer?"

At another time, gratefully alluding to the mercy which had followed her through life, "a poor rebellious creature," she added, "and now I have only mercy to look to—not a rag or tatter of my own—not one not one."

Receiving many messages of love from friends, she observed, "I like to have the love of my friends, and I love them." "My love is to everybody;" signifying its expansion towards all, irrespective of kindred and religious association.

She sent tender farewell messages to her dear absent children and grandchildren; and especially numbered among her many favours, that her gentle decline was tended by affectionate daughters.

She was spared much acute bodily suffering, and her mind was preserved clear and in great sweetness and serenity.

Staid upon her Saviour and humbly trusting in his mercy, her prayer to be permitted to depart in peace and to be for ever with her Lord, appeared graciously answered, and her end was peace in Him.

ISABELLA B. MILES, 14 22 3 mo. 1862
Islington, London. Daughter of Edward and
Mary Miles.

This dear child was the sister of Theodore P. Miles, of whom a brief memorial appeared in the *Annual Monitor* for 1861. From her infancy she exhibited those mild, endearing, unselfish dispositions, which though easily mistaken for, are nevertheless often entirely distinct from, the fruits of grace or real religion in the heart. It was therefore the more cheering when, during a few weeks absence from home, and before the illness was observed, which ultimately terminated her short career, a letter was received from her containing the following paragraph :

“ And now dear ——— I have some happy news to tell thee : I really believe I can say with ——— that I have given my heart to Jesus. I have done it tremblingly, but I believe that Jesus has accepted it, and has me for his own.”

It was not till after her return home that the grave nature of the complaint under which she was suffering was ascertained ; and the manner in which she received the information that she was considered in great danger, afforded instructive and confirming evidence of the soundness of her faith in the Lord Jesus—though so young.

When told that she was thought to be "very ill," she enquired, "Does the medical man say so?" On being answered in the affirmative, and that her illness was of so serious a nature that her recovery was not probable, she said, after a pause, "Ah, what should I do now if I had not given my heart to Jesus?" And she prayed earnestly for herself, her relatives and friends.

At another time when closely scrutinized by an anxious friend as to the genuineness of her hope, on questions like this: "Suppose thou couldst have thy choice and be permitted to live, and that a life of affluence, happiness, and ease, might be granted thee, wouldst thou not prefer it?" "O no, certainly not," she exclaimed; "unless I had a certainty or full assurance of reaching heaven at last."

Her state of mind was further shown by a hymn she had learnt and loved to repeat, beginning with,

"O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee my Saviour and my God!
Happy day! Happy day!
When Jesus took my sins away!"

Hearing some expressions of sympathy from those who witnessed the sufferings and distress occasioned by her illness, she remarked: "It will be a weight of glory."

When a kind friend spoke to her of the evident absence in her mind of all fear of death, and remarked, "If I were about to die I think I should be filled with apprehension and fear;" she replied, "Ah, but I have been enabled to give my heart to Jesus."

On being asked at another time whether any particular text of Scripture had been impressed upon her mind, she said: "Yes,—'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.'"

Thus did this young disciple manifest the steadfastness of her faith in Christ, and its power to sustain amidst the dissolution of nature, leaving to her surviving circle of relatives and friends the happy belief that, having "washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," she is for ever among those of whom it is said, "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in his temple."

HANNAH MOXHAM, 66 29 12 mo. 1861

Clifton, near Bristol. Wife of John Moxham.

RACHAEL MURPHY, *Clonmel.* 39 12 1 mo. 1862

CAROLINE NAISH, 19 23 2 mo. 1862

Bristol. Daughter of Edmund H. Naish.

FRANCES NAISH, 74 20 6 mo. 1862

Bath. An Elder. Widow of William Naish.

She had been slightly affected with paralysis

for some years, but her last illness was short. During its continuance, notwithstanding that her faith had long been firmly fixed on Christ, and his atonement, for salvation, the enemy was permitted sorely to distress her, by an almost overwhelming feeling of sinfulness; and a humbling sense of her unfitness for the purity of the kingdom of heaven, induced her to wrestle, most earnestly for forgiveness. Her God, in mercy, heard her cry, and graciously delivered her from all her fears, so that she could say that she was going to heaven, and *longed* to go to the Lord.

Her sweet departure, breathing her last in perfect peace as she sat in her parlour, left the full persuasion on the minds of those present that to her was indeed granted, for Christ's sake, the everlasting inheritance with Him, after which her soul had so deeply panted.

Her life had been one of much trial, from various causes; among them, not the least was the protracted feeble health of her husband, and the loss of three adult children. She had, however, the great consolation of seeing these depart in Jesus.

She was accustomed to write freely to her sisters, all younger than herself; and the subjoined extracts, from a few of these letters, in-

structively pourtray some of the workings of a mind cast in no common mould:—

“Maidstone, 30th of Eleventh month, 1833. I notice, with much interest, thy low opinion of thy own attainments; and thy expression of *trying to set out in the right path*, as more describing thy condition than any words more expressive of advancement would do, reminded me of having been very much encouraged, some two or three years since, by a dear friend, whose advancement in a religious life could not be doubted, observing to me that she always seemed to be just beginning—just taking the very first steps in a religious course. Let us ever bear in mind who it is that discourages, that we may, when most aware of our frailties, and consequently when most discouraged, still try steadily to look to the Source of Love. Don't think, my beloved sister, because, of an evening, thou canst only look back on a day of fatigues, and cares, and exertions, and perhaps in some cases mayest be ready to acknowledge, most feelingly, that the enemies of thy own household are lively and strong, and have prevailed over thee, that the day has been uselessly spent, and that thou art making no progress; such trials must and will attend us, more particularly at the entrance into

the way in which we are to give up all our wills. To be often foiled is no proof that we are not fighting. I am so sensible of my own deficiencies that I am afraid of writing much in this way; but the love and interest I feel for thee, and a consciousness with thee, of being, as thou sayest, but just taking the first steps (if indeed I am not presuming in thinking so much) give me a liberty which I should not otherwise have."

"1st of Twelfth month. I wish to remind thee who it was who encouraged his followers with the gracious words, 'The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak.' Thou wouldst give, or do, anything that was practicable to serve thy well-beloved children; how should we then rejoice in the words, 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him!' We are too apt to look at our own frailties and sins, instead of his love and forgiveness; forgetting that, whatever faults we have, they are no impediment whatever to our salvation, if we are but willing to go, by prayer, to Him for whose sake they will be all forgiven."

Soon after her paralytic seizure she writes:

"Bath, 13th of First month, 1856. Thy kind lines are very welcome, especially the words,

‘doubtless in Fatherly love.’ It is *that* sweet love that is designed to make all the bitters of life comparatively easy. Thou seest that my hand performs its task reluctantly. I thought it a great favour that I was kept in perfect calmness when the stroke came. How it may be, when the end really comes, I cannot tell. I am most affectionately and assiduously nursed.”

“3rd of Ninth month, 1857. If we could have a telegraphic communication from mind to mind, without instrumental means, thou wouldst, long since, have had a reply to thy kind letter. As often as I have thought of it, it appears to me that thou art in danger of being unreasonably discouraged and that the contemplation of the *perfected* Christian character makes thee more dissatisfied with thyself than thy loving, gracious Saviour would have thee to be. I often think of what our dear brother Samuel said in one of his letters, that, to whatever state of progress the Christian had arrived, there were still before him large measures of grace and happiness attainable; and perhaps the more we have, the more we wish for. The meekness and gentleness of the Christian exist in very different degrees in different persons; and, at different times, in the same person. This has often comforted me; but I do

not think that we must expect 'the fight to finish' but with our lives; though we may sometimes be permitted to see, for our encouragement, that an advance has been made."

"14th of Tenth month, 1858. Many persons refer to the time past as though they could, with pleasure, live it over again, but I cannot say this is my case; I cannot but think that thou hast a similar feeling, and that, while thou hast a sweet trust that all that has been wrong, in bye-gone days, is forgiven, thou hast an *almost* sweeter hope for the happiness of the future; so that to look forward is pleasanter than to look back."

"Bath, 14th of Twelfth month, 1860. I have been wishing for days past that I could convey to thee the feelings of sympathy and interest that at times fill my heart for thee, in thy present delicate position; but, in such cases, when one feels anxiously afraid of taking a false step, (and I am no stranger to such experience) it is soothing to be able to believe that the right way for us to move will gradually open to our waiting, trusting hearts.

"To follow openings, in uprightness of heart, is all we can do in some cases; by which I mean, that we must not allow our own wishes or inclinations to interfere with what would appear the best way. Forgive me, if I have expressed myself

unbecomingly, or in the slightest degree as offering advice. Your deep kindness makes me long for a blessing on your present trials."

"7th of Third month, 1862. The time immediately after breakfast seems peculiarly my own, and I am less weary than after callers, &c. That continual sense of weariness which, in a greater or less degree, characterises palsy at my age, does strongly keep in mind that, 'if, by reason of strength, it be fourscore years, yet is their strength, labour and sorrow.' Sometimes when, for a few moments, a lively recollection of some Stoke Newington* scenes passes before me, I think how different life in reality is from life in prospect. Yet it ever remains a truth, 'Them that honour me, I will honour;' and, though this honour may be most unwisely delayed, yet He graciously acknowledges it, even at the eleventh hour, because 'like as a father pitieth his children, the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.'"

EDWARD NEAVE, *Gillingham*. 84 1 11 mo. 1861

JAMES NEAVE, *Spalding*. 69 16 4 mo. 1862

HANNAH NEEDS, *Marnhull*. 85 11 4 mo. 1862

ELIZABETH NEEVES, 87 26 2 mo. 1862

Ipswich. Widow of Thomas Neeves.

*The abode of her youth.

MARIA NIXON, 20 28 8 mo. 1862
Croydon. Daughter of Charles and Sophia
Nixon.

SUSANNA MARY NORRIS, 66 28 8 mo. 1862
Coalbrookdale. Wife of William Norris.

The health of this dear friend, always precarious, had been failing for some time past; yet she attended the Monthly Meeting at Worcester, in the Seventh month, and the Quarterly Meeting at Leominster, the week following. Soon after the latter she was confined to the house by illness. Low fever ensued; her reduced strength was much prostrated, and great suffering was the result. Relieved from this, she often expressed her deep thankfulness to the Lord for dealing so tenderly and mercifully with her, fervently desiring that His will, and not her own, might be done. Her dependence was placed upon the mediation and merits of her Saviour, trusting in his atonement, and rejoicing in what He had wrought in and for her. Well knowing that she had no works of righteousness of her own to offer, she said—"all was mercy; His grace was all-sufficient; it alone enabled her to bear with calmness and resignation what her Lord saw good to lay upon her: that never failed."

After an illness of nearly five weeks her

purified spirit was peacefully released, to be for ever with the Lord, whom she loved and sought to serve.

EDWARD NUTTALL, 59 27 3 mo. 1862
Manchester.

SARAH ORD, 32 7 6 mo. 1862
Rawden, near Leeds. Daughter of Joseph and Hannah Ord.

MARY OVEREND, 79 20 8 mo. 1862
Chitt's Hill, near Southgate. Widow of John Overend.

Of this dear friend it may be truly said, that she descended to the grave loved and honoured by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. Among these were many of the poor, with whose trials she deeply sympathized, and whose privations she largely alleviated. In her early days her circumstances were limited, and perhaps she was thereby enabled the more fully to feel for others when, in the all-wise ordering of Providence, she became a widow more than thirty years before her death, with an abundance of this world's goods at her disposal. Sometime before her marriage she was apparently near the borders of eternity, and from the effects of that illness it may be said she never entirely recovered; but with some degree of returning health there was

felt an earnest desire and prayer that she might fulfil the stewardship with which she had been intrusted. Her delicate health prevented her mixing much in society, but the suffering and the afflicted often had substantial proof that she was one of those who "considered the poor." Her disposition was remarkably candid and open; and she sometimes spoke to her more affluent, but erring friends, with an honest Christian boldness which not only did not give offence, but which endeared her greatly to them.

But, as "gold is tried in the fire and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity," so she had many trials.

Among these she had in her later years much bodily distress, and her mind was at times so overpowered thereby as in some degree to interfere with those aspirations after the better life with which she had been previously favoured. But He who pitieth his children and remembereth that they are dust, whilst He saw meet to lay his hand very heavily upon her, gave her to feel that "His strength is made perfect in weakness," and sustained her in uncomplaining patience through many months of extreme agony. Her medical attendant on visiting her early one morning, after hearing of what she had passed through,

said—"O, it is wearisome work," she looked at him reprovingly and replied, "If I had said so thou wouldst have said I was impatient." To those who witnessed her sufferings, and the triumph of faith under them, "She being dead yet speaketh."

As her knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus deepened, her desires for the best welfare of her devotedly attached servants increased; and some of her last expressions conveyed a lively concern that they might all become truly Christians, appealing to an attached friend who was by her bedside with one of them, "——knows how much I love them." Her heart, indeed, overflowed with love to all, and prayerfully stayed upon her God and Saviour, her end was peace.

MARGARET OWENS, 80 24 4 mo. 1862

Llwyn-y-Melyn. Widow of John Owens.

MARIA OXLEY, 73 14 7 mo. 1862

Upper Clapton, near London.

MARY PACE, 77 10 10 mo. 1861

Stamford Hill, near London. Widow of Thos. Pace.

FREDERIC E. PATCHING, 6 15 7 mo. 1862

Birmingham. Son of Frederic and Mary Ann Patching.

ELIZABETH R. PAYNE,	50	17	3 mo.	1862
<i>Bridgewater, Somerset.</i>	Wife of Reuben C. Payne.			
JONATHAN PAYNE,	65	4	7 mo.	1862
<i>Taunton, Somerset.</i>				
SARAH PEARSON,	78	14	11 mo.	1861
<i>Broughton, Cumberland.</i>	Widow of Thomas Pearson.			
JAMES G. PECKOVER,	2	5	3 mo.	1862
<i>Plymouth.</i>	Son of Joseph and Mary Ann Peckover.			
ELIZA PECKOVER,	31	7	8 mo.	1862
<i>Wisbech.</i>	Wife of Alexander Peckover.			

The subject of this brief notice was the only surviving child of Joseph and Elizabeth Sharples, of Hitchin, and in the spring of 1858 she became the beloved and devoted wife of Alexander Peckover.

Those who knew her best could not fail to be struck with the uprightness and integrity of her Christian character. There was a simple straightforwardness, and a conscientious desire to do right, which gave a peculiar interest and brightness to her course. From early youth she was in the habit of carefully studying the Holy Scriptures, and in maturer years she evinced great solicitude for the religious welfare of her fellow-men. Though

much interested in objects of general benevolence, her efforts were particularly directed to the benefit of the young, to whom she was anxious to point out the way of salvation ; and for several years she had under her own superintending care a school at some distance from her father's house, rarely permitting the inclemency of the weather to deter her from what she believed to be her duty in this labour of love. The strong desire she felt to promote peace on earth and good-will amongst men induced her to write a short tract on the subject ; and she manifested great interest in furthering the objects of the Peace Society.

During her married life, though the charge of a young family, and, more recently, the debility produced by a long illness, prevented the same personal attention to such pursuits, she still sought to make use of every opportunity of doing good in her power ; among others making it a point in her drives to give away carefully selected books and tracts, in the humble trust that they might be blessed to the winning of souls to Christ.

As her health failed she was still anxious to continue the attendance of meetings, which she did not relinquish till about a fortnight before her death, believing that the privilege of worshipping God in company with her friends should not be lightly given up.

Her decline was gradual; and on being informed some months before her decease, of the united opinion of her physicians that there was no probability of her recovery, she expressed herself quite resigned, and afterwards her chief desire seemed to be to solace others, by the cheerfulness of her own submission to her Heavenly Father's will. From this time her perfect composure in the anticipation of death was remarkable, and she often spoke of arrangements in connection with it as if she was only going on a short journey; while it was instructive to see the patience with which a long illness, causing much suffering, was borne. Throughout the many months it continued, a murmur never escaped her, and she was strikingly cheerful, often returning a smile to those who attended upon her when unable to speak to them.

She cherished a very humble and self-depreciating opinion of her own religious standing, and this, combined with her extreme physical weakness, sometimes gave opportunity to the enemy to try to shake her faith. In seasons of this kind she would suffer great distress on account of not feeling a full assurance of forgiveness; but the depression soon passed away, and her remarkably child-like trust in the dear Saviour's love and mercy would return, and remained firm unto the end.

A few days before her decease, on being asked if she were trusting simply in the Saviour, she replied: "In whom else can I trust?" adding, that "she was resting on Jesus;" and at another time she said that "she had not a rag of her own to trust to."

Once, after a very trying night, she remarked, "Wearisome days and nights are appointed me, but I do not think I have once murmured. Very much have I prayed to be kept from doing so, and that patience may be granted me to the end." Afterwards, when in a state of great prostration, being asked whether she felt God to be with her, she unhesitatingly replied, "Yes;" and, on the hope being expressed that, this suffering over, she would wake in Heaven, she said; "O that will be joyful! I do want patience." When life was rapidly waning, on the first three verses of the fortieth Psalm being read, she evidently joined in them, and supplemented them with "And wake in Heaven!"

These few expressions, with others during her last hours, give the comforting assurance that her Redeemer, who in infinite love and mercy was with her by the way, most graciously strengthened and supported her to the last.

It was afterwards found that some months

before her death she had written touching words of love and counsel, addressed to those most dear to her, including her three infant daughters, expressing in simple yet powerful language her earnest desire that they might, through the Saviour's merits, follow her "into Life."

JOHN PENDRIC, 63 9 8 mo. 1862
Drumbeg, Co. Antrim.

JANE PICKARD, 74 13 11 mo. 1861
Barnsley. Wife of Samuel Pickard.

EDMUND K. PIERCE, 26 2 3 mo. 1862
Manchester.

In this uncertain world we know not what a day may bring forth. It is, therefore, very unwise to put off the great work of conversion, that one thing needful, till to-morrow. To day, while it is called to-day, it is well to hear God's voice, and to flee to Christ for salvation, that, whether longer or shorter, the life may be devoted to his service. And if the period allotted to the Christian believer for letting his light shine before men, in proving his faith by good works, be very brief, and there be little or no opportunity in the last hour to tell of the Redeemer's felt presence and love, the greater is the consolation to survivors when the youthful disciple, rooted and grounded in Christ, has given evidence that even during the

short race, quickly cut off by the hand that "doeth all things well," the fruits of the Spirit were being brought forth to the Lord's praise. An interesting illustration of this is found in the subject of this record.

Edmund Kell Pierce was born in Tasmania, about the time that his parents were attracted to the Society of Friends raised up in Hobart Town, chiefly through the instrumentality of James Backhouse and George W. Walker. He was brought to England at an early age, and had the privilege of an education at Croydon school. There he did not exhibit any very bright promise; and sometimes the natural energy of his character so far degenerated into stubbornness, that he became a source of anxiety to those who had the care of him and watched over him for good. On leaving the school he resided with his father in the Isle of Wight, and assisted him in the boot and shoe trade. As he grew towards manhood he was placed for improvement with some friends in the same business of a more extensive character, in the West of England: where, so far as regarded his attention to business, he gave satisfaction. But here, as at home, his love of pleasure proved a snare to him: his engaging appearance and manners caused his company to be sought by the

gay and thoughtless, and he took delight in joining them in the excitement of music and dancing parties, seldom free from evils of various kinds. There seemed but little prospect, at this time, of an after-life of Christian devotedness, and usefulness.

On returning to his father's house at Newport, he threw his energies into the business, and pursued it with avidity and success. But it soon became evident that "the Spirit of Truth who convinceth of sin," was at work in his heart, and did not allow him to give himself up to the world. The recollection of past time misspent, amidst the many temptations into which his former pursuits had led him, and the consequent neglect of the higher interests of his soul, were often causes of deep regret and sorrow. Greatly helped, at this time, by the kind counsel and encouragement of a dear aged friend at Croydon, between whom and himself a large measure of love continued to exist, a change of a decided character took place. He was favoured to experience that repentance which needeth not be repented of, and that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ which justifies from sin. He withdrew from the company of those with whom he had associated in scenes of amusement, and when asked to join the Rifle Corps with which several

of his former companions had connected themselves, he steadily refused, urging the precepts of Christ, and the peaceable nature of the Gospel dispensation, as his reason for so doing. Regularly seen in his place in our meetings for worship, his conduct and conversation gave evidence of the deepening work of grace in his heart; and after steadily pursuing his consistent course for a considerable time, he made application to the Monthly Meeting of Poole and Southampton to be received into membership; which, after due consideration, was complied with.

Some time before this he had taken a prominent part in a free school for boys opened at Newport, giving up two evenings a week for the purpose; in addition to this he took a class in a First-day school in the town, and in both establishments he was much beloved by the children and the teachers, while he was careful to act consistently with the Christian principles of the religious Society of which he had become a member. He felt a lively interest also in the "Young Mens' Christian Association," though on conscientious grounds, stated with much candour and simplicity, he felt himself restrained from enrolling his name amongst them. The society for promoting total abstinence from intoxicating drinks claimed his earnest

cooperation, and for several years he acted as Secretary, during which time a large number of persons took the pledge, and some interesting cases of reformation occurred.

In 1860 he was united in marriage with E. A. Tyler, of Reading, and removed to Manchester, having entered into partnership with a Friend of that place. His leaving Newport was looked upon as a public loss. Not only had he filled, since his change of heart and life, places of public usefulness, but his growth in grace and Christian experience had been remarked with interest by those who knew him best. Gentle, kind, and affectionate, his tender feelings flowed especially towards the fallen and degraded, and he was always ready with the language of encouragement to these, seeking them out and endeavouring to lead them to Jesus, that their feet might be turned into the paths of righteousness. It was no wonder that much regret should be felt and expressed by his friends and companions in usefulness, on his departure from the place where he had so much endeared himself.

Removing from the very small meeting of Newport to the large one of Manchester, he was of course comparatively unknown in the latter. But his close attention to his religious duties soon

disclosed the real worth of his Christian character, and it was not long before he manifested the same unwearied exertions for the good of others which had marked his previous course. He soon won the affection and esteem of many of the members of the meeting to which he now belonged, and entered diligently into several fields of usefulness in that large city.

The deep interest which he felt on behalf of those in the humbler walks of life whose opportunities for instruction had been neglected in youth, led him to promote the forming of an adult class for these in the First-day school kept by Friends; and it was chiefly through his means that a working-men's Temperance Society was established in his own neighbourhood. These efforts for their good were gratefully recognised by those who were the objects of his Christian solicitude, and proved a great help and encouragement to his fellow-labourers in the field of general usefulness.

He felt that much had been forgiven him, and he loved much. Earnest was his desire to win souls to Christ; and there were seasons when he was not without an apprehension that he might be called to the ministry of the Gospel. Feelings like these he had disclosed to his beloved wife,

with the expression of a deep sense of the great responsibility of such a service, and his own unfitness for it. A few weeks only before his death, on returning from a First-day evening meeting, he said to her: "I have had such a beautiful meeting, my dear; such a sweet feeling of peace came over me, and I felt the words of Isaiah (lx. 31) forcibly presented to my mind several times, but I found that the time was not yet come for me to give utterance to them." He no doubt "did well that it was in his heart" thus to stand ready for the service of his Lord; but He, "whose ways are unsearchable," had other designs respecting him.

On Fourth-day, the 26th of Second month, he complained of a bilious attack, and, much to his regret, was unable to attend the Teachers' meeting. He kept the house next day, and not feeling better medical advice was obtained. His case was not considered serious, and on Seventh-day he thought himself a little improved, and quite enjoyed some pleasant visits from his friends. During the day he spent some time in the perusal of the Life of Dr. Arnold, portions of which alluding to sudden death he read to his wife, remarking that "it was well that we did not know what was before us, such knowledge being wisely hid from us." Little did either of them then think how soon they would

be called upon to part. About twelve o'clock that night he was not so well, and asked his wife to sit up till he was gone to sleep. After awhile he said with much feeling, "Pray for me, dear;" he soon added, "Farewell, my love," and fell asleep. He spoke no more; the next morning his wife found him unconscious; all efforts to revive him failed; and in the afternoon of the same day he quietly breathed his last—a striking example of the importance and the blessedness of securing an interest in Christ and the power of his redeeming love, in time of health—of "leaving nothing to a dying hour but to die." Go and do likewise!

JONATHAN J. PIKE, 16 14 10 mo. 1861

Belfast. Son of James N. Pike.

THOMAS H. PIM, 10 5 5 mo. 1862

Glengearry, Co. Dublin. Son of Thomas and Isabella Pim.

HANNAH PONSONBY, *York.* 79 18 12 mo. 1861

JACOB POOLE, 36 15 6 mo. 1862

Ballibey, Ireland. Son of Jacob and Mary Poole.

This friend was a descendant of Richard Poole, of whom it is related in "Leadbeater's Biographical Notices," that he came into Ireland with the English army, in 1649; and that, having joined in religious communion with the Society

of Friends, he was thrown into Wexford jail for refusing to pay tithes; where, after two years' imprisonment, he died—a faithful sufferer for conscience sake.

The family settled in the county of Wexford, and numbered amongst them several worthy, honest-hearted Friends. As an upright Christian the subject of this notice also was enabled, by close attention to the leadings of the Holy Spirit—that inward monitor—so to live as to leave a good savour behind him. He was a zealous advocate of the temperance cause, and anxious for the best welfare of all.

His illness, which succeeded a surgical operation, was short. The brightness of his spirit, and his apparent ripeness for immortality, were remarked with comfort by his friends; and there is good ground for believing that, through the redemption which is in Christ, his end was peace. “The memory of the just is blessed;” and this dear friend was much esteemed by his neighbours and dependants, as well as by his relatives and friends.

MARY POWER, 69 27 8 mo. 1862

Clonmel. Widow of John Power.

JOHN PRIESTMAN, 92 11 11 mo. 1861

Broughton, Cumberland.

JOSEPH PRYOR, 55 4 4 mo. 1862

Bloomfield, Co. Dublin.

THOMAS PUMPHREY, 60 31 7 mo. 1862

Ackworth. A Minister.

In attempting to pourtray, for the instruction and encouragement of others, the lives and services of those, who in private and public life, have sought to approve themselves servants of Christ, it is difficult to avoid the appearance of eulogium. This difficulty presents itself in offering to our readers some account of our late beloved friend Thomas Pumphrey. We can unhesitatingly say that to no one would any appearance of eulogy have been more distasteful than to himself. Few were more aware of, or were more ready to admit, the many infirmities of flesh and spirit with which he was tried—the evils of his nature with which he had to contend—that it was by Divine grace alone, he was enabled in any degree to exemplify the Christian:—few were more deeply sensible that at the best we are but unprofitable servants.

Thomas Pumphrey was born in the city of Worcester on the 10th of the Sixth month, 1802. He had the especial privilege of pious parents. Though only three and a half years old at the time of his mother's death, veneration for her

memory was a life-long sentiment with him. He said he had never once failed to remember the anniversary of her decease. His earliest abiding religious impressions were received when about eight years of age, on the occasion of his reading the account of his mother in the tenth volume of "Piety Promoted." He had opened the parcel of books and read the narrative, appearing to be deeply affected, and being asked what was the matter, he could only reply—"The books are come." His mother died at the comparatively early age of thirty-nine, having been a Minister fifteen years. One who knew Thomas Pumphrey as a school-boy, companion, relative, and friend, testifies to his unblemished character, his conscientious walk, and the influence for good derived from his early friendship.

On leaving Ackworth he was for some time at Joel Lean's school, at Fishponds, near Bristol, where his literary attainments were carried beyond the range of the Ackworth education of that day. On leaving school he was employed in his father's business, that of a glover—then the staple trade of Worcester. Not less than to the memory of his beloved mother, was he indebted to the example and training, and all the happy influences of home, exercised by his father.

Few men mingled more than he with his fellow-men in the business of commercial life, and but few have exemplified as he did, especially in the commercial room, as well as in other business intercourse, the consistent Christian. Cheerfulness was his marked characteristic. This adorning of piety was largely possessed by his son. Thomas Pumphrey's elder brother Samuel, was also a bright example of early dedication of heart to Christ. Thus surrounded from his earliest years by the best of social and domestic influences he early manifested that they were blest to him. His life gave evidence of increasing love and devotedness to his Saviour, the fruit of the Holy Spirit's regenerating influence in his heart. About the year 1822, being then nearly twenty-one years of age, his voice was first heard in our meetings for worship, as a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. His friends acknowledged his gift and he was recorded as a minister of the Gospel by the Monthly Meeting of Worcester, in the Tenth month, 1826, being then in his twenty-fifth year. In the same year he was united in marriage with Rachel Richardson, daughter of George Richardson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. In this, as well as in the relationships already referred to, he was peculiarly blest. His

beloved wife was well qualified and was ever ready to sympathize with her husband in his religious exercises.

By a long and painful illness he was deprived of his beloved partner and wise counsellor in 1842. In the Twelfth month, 1845, Thomas Pumphrey was united in marriage with Isabel Unthank, of North Shields. In her he found a devoted and loving companion to his journey's end. Thomas Pumphrey's engagements from home in the service of the Gospel were not frequent. Ackworth school and all its multifarious interests engrossed the greater part of his time and toil as his life-object. In 1845 he visited, with the sanction of his Monthly Meeting, the meetings of Friends in the East Riding of Yorkshire. In 1850 he joined a portion of the Committee of the Yearly Meeting in a visit to the meetings of Herefordshire, Worcestershire, and Wales. In 1856, as a member of a large Committee appointed by York Quarterly Meeting, he took part in the important service of visiting the meetings and families of Friends within its limits. In the Ninth month, 1859, he was again appointed to a similar service. In times of relaxation from his duties at Ackworth, when travelling or sojourning for a time in the neighbourhood of larger or smaller meetings of Friends, his lively religious service was often so peculiarly

appropriate, that those who knew the surrounding circumstances, could but believe that a secret hand had guided him thither, though the path had seemed to be of his own choosing. After having been for several years engaged in business in Worcester, our dear friend, on the retirement of Robert Whitaker, offered himself, under a sense of religious duty, as a candidate for the post of Superintendent of Ackworth School. He entered upon the duties of the office in 1834. We are indebted to one of the teachers long associated with Thomas Pumphrey for a sketch of his character in this capacity. "From the very commencement of his administration he appeared to me to possess qualities calculated to render him a leading man, and to inspire his colleagues with confidence. Under the controlling influence of Divine grace, his self-reliance, prompt decision, and strength of will, were of essential benefit to the school, helping him in times of difficulty, and giving assurance to those who were co-operating with him. His mind was very suggestive, nor was he less ready in comprehending the plans and proposals of others. These gifts, combined with a sound judgment, made him a remarkably able counsellor. The teacher in his doubts and difficulties—the officers of the household in their various departments—the architect, the farmer, the

mechanic, in their turn, might all consult with him, with the certainty of effectual help, either by the confirmation of their own plans, or by some new suggestion from him. As the head of our little community, his influence pervaded all its multifarious concerns. His was no departmental service. He was interested and helpful in every thing connected with its efficient working and the welfare of the school. The teachers could scarcely fail to be improved by the clear and comprehensive views taken by our beloved friend of the science of education. It was not the present alone of the school-boy's life that he considered ; his practical mind turned to the future. Intellectual knowledge had to be diligently imparted ; but more than that, the mind had to be trained, ideas implanted, habits observed and regulated, moral and religious principles to be carefully and assiduously instilled. He was no inconsiderable reader ; had a well-stored mind ; a singularly retentive memory, and conversational powers of no common order. Though his classical and mathematical attainments were limited, he manifested considerable ability in directing the educational arrangements of the school. He reposed large confidence in those under him. To the conscientious labourer this was a great help, inciting him to diligence in his

calling, and to watchfulness that this confidence should not be misplaced, and that it might be warmly reciprocated. These sentiments tended to promote the harmony, the heartiness, and the community of feeling which marked Thomas Pumphrey's administration. Though tenderly forbearing in cases of deficiency, he had an exalted idea of the teacher's office, and of the moral and religious qualifications needful for those who engaged in it." "I well remember," says our informant, "his setting forth, on one occasion in public ministry, the requirement of the Christian teacher, how his will, his impulses, his motives, and his affections, should all be subjected to the yoke of Christ, and regulated by Divine grace. He then proceeded to set forth the teacher's duties, his cares, and burdens, his responsibilities, and joys; concluding with the words, 'This is our higher vocation, this is our honourable calling, these are our solemn responsibilities, this is our blessed reward.'

"He had a discriminating insight into character. Though less intimately associated with the children than their teachers were, we often observed how strikingly correct he was in his estimate of individuals, and how wisely he handled the moral delinquent, the insubordinate, or the morose

offender. His sympathy with children gave him much hold on their minds. I can recal groups of new-comers listening with tearful eyes to his loving words of comfort. He knew how to soothe the fretful, to console the bereaved, to direct and help the tenderly visited mind. He well understood the natural joyousness of youth, and, possessed of great natural liveliness himself, he was eminently qualified for ministering to their pleasure. One marked feature in his character was his ability in emergencies. Whilst he greatly valued the help and support of the Committee, he did not shrink from undertaking responsibility himself.

“In any case of sudden illness or alarming accident, he knew at once what to do. When sickness prevailed in the school he was eminently calm and collected. His movements, his directions, his looks, all denoted this, and inspired confidence in those who looked up to him for counsel, direction, or support. Nor can I forbear to mention his wonderful composure beside the dying bed. Such occasions drew him forth in a remarkable manner. He sympathised with, and comforted the stricken relatives. His ministry was at such times of a very striking character. Nor was this character confined to such occasions. At times in our meetings for worship, and more frequently at the First-day

evening readings, he was instructively engaged in the exercise of his gift. He had largely the power of adapting his language to his youthful audience, and of drawing lessons for children from any portion of Scripture read. Varied as was his language, (for he had a rare command of words) varied, too, as were the illustrations of divine truth, used by him to simplify his subject and to arrest and fix the attention of the children, he never failed to lead their thoughts to Jesus.

“ Often, too, in our First-day evening readings he was enlarged in prayer. The children, the teachers, the officers, the servants, the varied interests of the whole establishment were presented at the Father’s throne. At the last of these readings which he attended he bowed the knee, and for the last time, in his official capacity, prayed in the name of Jesus for the assembled family. Many on whom the burden of the day would in some way or other still continue to rest, felt their hearts afresh contrited, animated, and warmed. Before the meeting closed he stood up, and in the fulness of Christian love pronounced his parting benediction. ‘ It was hard for him to sever the last link of the chain which had for so many years bound him to the Institution. The recollection of the trials he had passed through in its service; his

conflicts of spirit, his hopes and his fears, his joys, his mercies, his rich blessings, all seemed combined in one intense feeling in his soul.' Concluding—'and now I bid you affectionately farewell in the Lord.' "

Whilst, in the eyes and observation of others, ably discharging the duties of his post, it may be instructive to those who succeed him to know that he too had his discouragements. In the Fourth month, 1846, he wrote as follows:—"What a place of change is this! My responsibilities seem at times more than I am equal to sustain; and were it not that I have not yet seen it my place to retire, but still apprehend I am in my right allotment, and thus receive a little inward support from season to season, I believe my discouragements would at times overwhelm me." Nor less instructive is the following review of his course, written in the Eighth month, 1861. "What an important period of my life it has been, and how fraught with solemn and instructive incident! Though in the retrospect, there is much cause for humiliation, I am sustained by the firm conviction that we have been here in the ordering of our Heavenly Father; and that notwithstanding many short-comings and mistakes, He has condescended to blot out the transgressions for his dear Son's

sake, and to bless the service of feeding the lambs and watching over the fold, in a degree which often contrites my spirit, and causes me to acknowledge 'it is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in my eyes.' There was in the days of my early manhood, when looking towards coming to Ackworth, an amount of self-confidence, for which I have often since been humbled and ashamed. It was but a result of ignorance, and inexperience, and youthful ardour, and strangely mingled with no small amount of real faith and reliance on better strength and wisdom than my own. Not only is the wrath of man made to praise the Lord, but He bends even the *foolishness* of man to his purposes; and I have sometimes thought if I had had an adequate perception of the arduous nature of the engagement I was entering upon, and how very little qualification I then possessed for it, I should never have presumed to enter. But we learn in the school of experience, and I hope I have, in the last quarter of a century, gathered a few useful lessons there. Gratitude and praise are my fittest employments in the remembrance of the Lord's mercies."

The committee of the school on receiving and accepting his letter resigning his post, recorded in the following minute—their sense of the service he had rendered.

“Minute of the Committee for Ackworth School, held there, Fifth month, 1st, 1861 :

“The Committee, in receiving the tender of resignation conveyed in Thomas Pumphrey’s letter, record their sense of sorrow that the health of our beloved friend should be such as to impress upon his mind the necessity of discontinuing his official connection with the school.

“In reviewing the long term of his administration, they can look upon it as a period of faithful, efficient, and successful services ; and, whilst they sympathise with their friend in his estimate of the kind and hearty co-operation which he has received from the officers of the Institution, the Committee express their belief that his colleagues have been stimulated by his example and counsel to a diligent and conscientious discharge of their duties. They also reverently and thankfully recognise the Divine blessing as having rested upon their joint labours, without which they that build the house labour in vain. When the time of separation shall come, our dear friends, Thomas and Isabel Pumphrey will carry with them the esteem and love of the Committee and officers of the Institution, as well as the grateful recollections of very many children who have been the objects of their Christian care and love.”

In his parental relationship, Thomas Pumphrey's character shone forth brightly. Patient and playful with the little child,—he was yet firm, judicious, and kind. As his children advanced in life, he still exercised a powerful influence over them. His ready sympathy in all their trials and difficulties, together with his Christian wisdom and experience, attracted both their confidence and love, rendering him in their estimation, not only a loving father, but a wise counsellor, companion, and friend.

We have noticed that a gift in the ministry of the Gospel was conferred upon him in very early life. This gift grew in weight and preciousness as years passed away. Sound, clear and edifying, it was marked by authority, and bore evidence of its spring and origin ; and, if we may apply such a term, it was at times, singularly original. The deep meaning, the hidden instruction to be found in passages of Scripture seldom quoted, seemed unfolded to him, and were conveyed to the Church in clear and impressive language. The ripeness and richness of his Christian experience, his close communion with his Lord were evidenced in his fervency in prayer, and in the utterance of thanksgiving and praise. In the discipline of our Society, his clear and practical judgment rendered

his services peculiarly valuable, and made him also a helpful counsellor to his friends in religious and temporal matters. Within the last two or three years, occasional attacks of illness gave much concern to his family and friends. The Committee of the school, anxious to retain his services, and hopeful that a period of relaxation, longer than usual, might be the means of a partial restoration, liberated him for about three months in the autumn of 1860. His health again giving way, he tendered his resignation to the Committee in the Fourth month of 1861. Early in the year 1862 he finally gave up his charge to his successor, George Satterthwaite. Many incidents of touching interest were associated with his retirement from office, manifesting the warm attachment of the officers of the Institution, of the children, and of many, who as parents and as children, had partaken of the benefits of his wise, Christian administration. Amongst these tokens of regard was the munificent sum of upwards of £1,400, presented to him a few weeks before his death, together with a collection of books, and several other articles of domestic utility or enjoyment. In a memorandum left by Thomas Pumphrey, he says: "I accept this kind present as an answer to prayer. When I was a

young man, my losses in business were great. On presenting my case before the Lord, and beseeching him to prevent me from bringing any dishonour on His truth, and to enable me to provide all things needful for my family—this was the reply, which I have never doubted, and which, notwithstanding much short-coming on my part, has been more than fulfilled,—‘*Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.*’” Such was our dear friend’s confidence in prayer in early life. Again, with the prospect of withdrawal from office, and diminished means before him, a few months before his death, he told his family, that some time previously, when contemplating leaving the school, and feeling tried at the prospect of his limited income, owing to losses from investments, he recurred to the promise above referred to. He turned again to the psalm containing the promise, and read “Delight thyself also in the Lord and He shall give thee the desire of thy heart.” He was then encouraged once more to present his cause before the Lord in prayer. He then read further, “Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass.” So when he heard of the liberality of his friends, he remarked, it did appear to be “*emphatically from*

the Lord as a fulfilment of the promise, '*He shall bring it to pass.*'" In the spring of 1862, after his retirement from office, he spent some time with his family at Ilkley. A brief period of repose, a peaceful autumnal evening—the fruit ripe and ready to be gathered into the heavenly garner—was permitted him there. His family look back to it as a period of most sweet enjoyment. His health somewhat improved, leaving the impression that possibly a few weeks were added to his life by the kind and judicious medical care provided for him—by the intense perception of relief from his long labour of love at Ackworth, and by the capacity for the enjoyment of the beauties of nature in her many-coloured forms, as well as by the sweets of conjugal and filial love. Yet, even here, one cloud hovered over his dwelling, in the declining health of his eldest son;* but this cloud was gilded with the hues of heaven. Father and son could both rejoice in their Saviour's love; both were prepared to bow to their Heavenly Father's dispensations with "Thy will be done."

*This dear young friend survived his father only a few months; and though his decease occurred after the usual date of completing the annual returns, it has been thought desirable not to postpone the publication of a brief memorial respecting him. It is therefore appended to the *present* number of the *Annual Monitor*.

Soon after his arrival at Ilkley, a little meeting-house was opened by Friends for the accommodation of visitors. Here he was frequently impressively engaged in ministry and in vocal prayer. The sweetness and solemnity of these seasons will not be soon forgotten by those who were privileged to be there. On one occasion, when it was probable that no one would be present but the members of his own family, they were surprised on entering to find ten or eleven persons already assembled, only one of whom was a Friend. Thomas Pumphrey on rising expressed his satisfaction at seeing so many gathered together, and said that it had been a subject of prayer with him that morning that they might not meet alone ; he then engaged in a long and weighty address, and afterwards in prayer. Twice on First-day evening, in company with his wife, he visited the large hospital recently established. He entered into sympathy with various patients, gave them tracts, and read to them. In reply to a request that he would pray, he explained the Scriptural views of prayer which he held, and after a pause was enabled to engage in that exercise.

On his return home he was still feeble, and the week before the General Meeting very unwell. On its nearer approach he improved rapidly, and was

able to attend the meetings for worship. At the Conference on religious instruction held on Sixth-day morning, he addressed the meeting at an early stage of the proceedings. His voice, somewhat feeble, denoting declining health—the affectionate earnestness of his manner—the weight and wisdom of his communication, will not be readily forgotten by those who heard him. The solemn hush of the assembly marked the deep impression made by this his last address to his friends who had come to attend the General Meeting.

Soon after the General Meeting he paid a visit to his invalid son and his other relatives in Newcastle. His aged father-in-law, George Richardson, brightened remarkably on seeing him, and conversed as he had not done for months. His visit of nearly a week was much enjoyed by himself and his friends. On returning to his cottage home he was permitted a few days of great enjoyment. His garden and all his surroundings were to him sources of tranquil pleasure and lively gratitude—no earthly wish seemed unfulfilled. On First-day, the 27th of Seventh month, he was indisposed but cheerful, and able to attend both meetings. In the morning meeting, he rose with these words: “I make no high profession, and therefore not much is expected of me.” He said

it was with much hesitation that he ventured to express these words, but he could find no peace in withholding them. He proceeded: "Who is it that does not expect much? It is not God, for he says, 'My son, give me thy heart.' It is not our Saviour; for he says unless we give up all, we cannot be his disciples. Then it is our fellow-men who do not expect much, and we are among the number of those who, comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise." Pointing to these and to other delusions, he enforced the self-denying character of the religion of Jesus, concluding with an animating description of the joys resulting from an entire surrender to the service of Christ. In the evening meeting parents and children were the objects of his address; for though the school was dispersed, many children were present.

In this his last meeting he added one more testimony to the deep exercises of his spirit on behalf of these two classes, for whose spiritual welfare he had long and diligently laboured. Before the meeting closed he knelt in prayer; confessing weariness, but petitioning not to be withdrawn from labour, but to be girded with strength for it to the end. His successors, the children and parents present, the absent scholars,

young and buoyant, exposed to new temptations in this time of recreation—for these and for all present, this his last public prayer ascended, that they might all meet before the throne. One who was there says, “such a savour of heavenly love attended this prayer, that the thought occurred to me more than once afterward, though I put it from me, ‘is it possible that our beloved friend is about to be taken from us, and that we have heard his voice for the last time.’” And so it was! On Second-day, the 28th, the uneasiness complained of the preceding day considerably increased.

On the morning of the 29th a spasmodic attack, similar to those to which he had long been subject occurred, and for a time caused great agony. He obtained some relief by the usual remedies, but towards night became much worse. His medical attendant wished for further advice; to this he readily assented. A physician from Pontefract, an old friend of Thomas Pumphrey’s, was sent for, but was prevented from attending till Fourth-day morning. He at once took a grave view of the case, and held out little expectation of recovery. After this interview, his daughter read to him the fourteenth chapter of John. At the close he said, “It is evident the doctors think it very doubtful whether I can get over this attack, but I am free

from all anxiety. I can reverently say, 'to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' I can appropriate the exhortation of our Saviour, 'Let not your heart be troubled; in my Father's house are many mansions.'" In reply to a remark on the peace which he had appeared for some time past to enjoy, he replied, "More than peaceful—joyful." Early on Fifth-day morning he asked his daughter to repeat the hymn beginning—

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er :
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before."

When the verse beginning, "Jesus, perfect my trust" was repeated, he said, "Say that again," and he began the last verse himself:—

"Feel thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink."

He said that a few months ago these verses were much in his thoughts, as was also Cowper's hymn—

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone!"

On Fifth-day morning, when the doctors came together, he requested his wife and daughter to leave the room. On their re-entering he said, "I have heavy tidings for thee, my dear: the doctors

say it is only a question of hours." On the remark, "It is not heavy tidings to thee," he replied "I feel it solemn—very solemn!" His wife said, "I hope we shall meet again," he replied, "yes, trusting in Jesus' blood—press on and we shall." To his friend, the physician, he spoke of the glorious hope of the Christian believer. To his friend and successor, George Satterthwaite, he said "I know in whom I have believed, and I am able to feel that he can keep that which I have committed to him. I have been long living on the confines of the eternal world, and I have never experienced the joys of religion so much as during the last few months. In social life, in business, in recreation, throughout all, I have felt my Saviour's presence in a way I never before witnessed." In another brief interview he said, "The Lord has been gracious to me and full of love. He has covered all my manifold transgressions and washed them all away for my Saviour's sake." Inquiring of Dr. Oxley if his faculties would be clear to the end, his friendly physician replied, "yes, they will almost survive the body." And such was remarkably the case. On the doctor observing that the pulse was almost gone, he felt it himself and said, "It is indeed; I can scarcely feel it."

After an interval of oppressed breathing he said, "the lamp is loath to go out; I thought I was gone." Again he opened his eyes and said, "Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying." Soon after, with a look of inexpressible sweetness, he remarked, "Gently descending." In one more interval of easier breathing, in answer to the suggestion "nearing the haven," he replied, "very near." Shortly after this, about a quarter past twelve, the redeemed and purified spirit passed away to its heavenly inheritance.

Permitted thus, as it were, to accompany their beloved one up to the very gate of the celestial city, a holy calm, an interval of deep feeling, overspread the little company of mourners, and the bereaved wife was enabled to utter the language, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

On Third-day, the 5th of the Eighth month, several members of the Committee and other Friends, such officers of the dispersed household as were able to attend, and many attached relatives and neighbours, accompanied the remains of our beloved friend to the little burial ground, whither he himself had often followed the remains of many of the lambs of Christ's fold, whom he had loved, over whom he had tenderly watched, and for whom and with whom he had often prayed. o

In concluding this sketch of the life and labours of our late Friend, and of his peaceful and joyful close, we desire that the grace of our God, by which he was what he was, should alone be exalted ; and that our readers, as well as ourselves, should be stimulated to pursue with renewed earnestness and alacrity our heavenward journey. For our encouragement we may remember the words of the great apostle when the time of his departure was at hand : " I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only but unto all them also that love his appearing."

ELLEN MARY RAKE, 3 4 8 mo. 1862
Fordingbridge. Daughter of Thomas B. and
 Ellen R. Rake.

SARAH RALEIGH, 73 30 10 mo. 1861
Melbourne, South Australia.

JAMES RANICAR, *West Leigh.* 64 25 4 mo. 1862

SARAH REAY, *Sunderland.* 84 11 9 mo. 1862

ISAAC RECKITT, *Hull.* 69 7 3 mo. 1862

RUTH REYNOLDS, 63 13 12 mo. 1861
Maldon, Essex.

JOHN RICHARDSON, 24 23 3 mo. 1862
Stockton-upon-Tees. Son of John Richardson.

GEORGE RICHARDSON, 88 9 8 mo. 1862
Newcastle-on-Tyne. A Minister.

A sketch of the life and character of this beloved friend will not fail to be interesting to many of the readers of the *Annual Monitor*. He was born at North Shields on the 18th of Twelfth month, 1773. His mother died when he was quite young, but the religious training which he received under the pious care of his father appears to have been blessed to him, and he soon manifested a decidedly serious turn of mind. Some of his early religious impressions may be best described in his own words, taken from the copious record which he kept. Referring to the process of regeneration, after quoting the words of our Lord Jesus Christ to Nicodemus: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit;" he says: "Thus I am persuaded that the Lord's Holy Spirit often operates on the mind of man in a secret unperceived manner. Even the effects at the time are not always very perceptible to the creature. 'The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.' Nearly the earliest impressions which I believe to have been of this nature occurred after I

had learnt to read a little. Being left at home on a meeting-day, I got hold of a very small book which attracted my attention from its size, (written, I believe, by Stephen Crisp for the use of children). I read it eagerly with devout attention, and was sensibly affected with its perusal, whereby my mind became clothed with a reverent fear of God and a desire to serve him."

Although he describes his "apprehension of Divine things" as being "faint and obscure," he yet "delighted to hear his father read from the Holy Scriptures," and an elder brother often used to read to him in his chamber. In associating, however, with other children he did not altogether escape "the corrupting influences of a world lying in wickedness," operating upon the evil tendencies of his own nature; and he speaks of the watchful care of his dear father over his children, sometimes *cautioning* them in a "very awful reverential manner;" whilst "he could remember some deep convictions for sin, when his soul was led to cry to God for forgiveness."

When about twelve years old, he was sent to assist an aunt in North Shields in a shop. Here he had much leisure, and, having access to a large collection of "Friends' books," he read many of these with great delight. He thus acquired a

good knowledge of the principles and history of the Society, and was led early to appreciate the importance of true practical Christianity. Even at this early age he was wont often seriously to meditate upon what he read, and this was especially the case as it regards his frequent perusal of the Bible; he used to read only a small portion at a time, and earnestly to crave the illuminating influence of the Holy Spirit to give him a right understanding; and evidence was not wanting that "they who ask receive."

About the age of fourteen, he was placed as an apprentice with a Friend at Newcastle. A residence of twelve years in this family proved a blessing to him. Much shielded from temptation to wide departures from the path of moral rectitude, he yet had given him a deeper sense of the depravity of fallen nature, and the need of redemption through Christ, and he was often "visited with the day spring from on high;" producing much tenderness of conscience. Having been induced on one occasion to omit the attendance of meeting to take a ramble in the country, he was planning a similar excursion for another time, when on his return he met some Friends coming from meeting; his conscience smote him; he felt that he had allowed pleasure

to interfere with duty, and his spirit was humbled within him in being brought to contemplate the danger of walking in "the broad way that leads to destruction," instead of "doing all things to the glory of God." His ears were the more "opened to discipline," and in the progress of the work of Divine grace in his heart, he was made willing that all his steps should be ordered by the Lord. Space does not allow to follow him through the different phases of his early experience, in this brief notice, but, commemorating the goodness of the Lord to him during this period of his life, he himself remarks:—"Thus God, who is rich in mercy, especially to those who call upon him, was graciously pleased to show me the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and to make me feel it to be a heavy yoke of bondage. After he had been pleased to call me by his grace, he revealed his son unto me, and *in* me, as an all-sufficient Saviour, through whose blood I might know my sins to be blotted out; and through whose light, life and power, my understanding in the mysteries of godliness was increased—with ability to walk in his holy fear." In more advanced years, G. R. thus reverts to this season in a letter to a friend:—"I well remember the time and the place where I was,

when Christ was thus revealed in me. My heart leaped for joy; living faith was given me to put my whole trust in Him. 'This is life eternal, to know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent;' 'As thou hast given him power over all flesh, to give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him.' Thus I was persuaded that I might know the Lamb of God to be the Captain of my salvation, and the light of His Spirit my sure and unfailing guide into all Truth. This discovery, being received in living faith, filled my soul with praise, and I went on my way rejoicing."

It was not long before he felt himself called to the service of the Gospel, and he was little more than nineteen years of age when he first spoke as a minister in a meeting for worship at Newcastle. "About this juncture," he remarks, "our meeting was remarkably stripped of instrumental help—two valuable ministers being removed by death, one very suddenly. After being exercised in ministry, she was seized with apoplexy, and, on being led out of meeting, she was engaged in fervent prayer for herself, her friends, and the Church at large. In two hours she was a corpse."

Though thus deprived of vocal ministry he adds: "Yet at no similar interval have I been favoured

with more inward communion with God in our silent assemblies, or with clearer unfoldings of the mysteries of His kingdom. Great was the contrition of soul which I was brought to experience, and tears of joy and thankfulness flowed freely as I sat." His own communications in the ministry of the word were not frequent; but, through "many deep baptisms, as a preparation for the Lord's service," he was enabled to hold on his way, and to make full proof of the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

In 1800 he married Eleanor Watson, of Newcastle, a union which, according to his own grateful acknowledgment, "proved one of many signal benefits bestowed upon him by a gracious Providence." Neither the claims of business nor the care of a rising family were allowed to prevent his faithfulness in the more immediate service of his Lord; and in the year 1803, in company with his valued friend, Margaret Bragg, he entered on the first of those religious engagements from home, which afterwards occupied so large a portion of his time and attention, having visited as a minister of the Gospel, it is believed, all the Meetings of Friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and most of them more than once. In most of these

services he was accompanied by his beloved friend Daniel Oliver, of Newcastle, to whom he was closely bound in the fellowship of the Gospel. In the prospect of such religious engagements he was often brought into deep prostration of soul, and the weightiness of his spirit under such circumstances made a lasting impression on those around him, and is still recurred to with much interest by his surviving family. His public ministrations bore evidence of the depth of his spiritual exercises, and were generally of a very striking character. Words of warning and exhortation from the Hebrew prophets were often followed by those of comfort and encouragement while setting forth salvation through Christ. The earnestness of his spirit, and the unction which accompanied, left a deep impression upon those who heard him. In prayer, especially, he seemed to get "within the veil," while his soul was poured forth in fervent supplication for those assembled. A holy reverence and fear marked his public approaches to the sacred footstool, and it might often with truth be said, "He wrestled with God for a blessing." The deep solemnity which pervaded the meeting as he rose from his knees and resumed his seat was often very impressive, leaving the conviction on the minds of others, that his prayer was not put up in vain.

Though in his own particular Meeting he was often silent, the reverence and fervency of his spirit were very perceptible, and his whole demeanour betokened the mind stayed upon God. On his return home from his more distant labours he appeared much relieved. In reference to one such occasion he writes : "I was favoured with a sweet and precious covering of peace, and had to admire the gracious dealings of the Lord of the vineyard, and the manner in which he was pleased to lead about and instruct me." At another time he remarks : "My desires were strong that the Lord would preserve me lowly and dependent, and that he would lead me to seek him until he is known to fill all in my heart, so that his will may be done *in* me and *by* me whilst on earth, even as it is done in Heaven, as far as my weakness and frailty will permit."

Though as a parent, and master of his household, he did not often administer the word of advice or reproof, his marked consistency of character, and the forcible language of his bright example were felt to make more powerful appeals to the heart and conscience than words could have done.

In addition to his engagements as an active member and minister of the Society of Friends

he took a lively interest, and an efficient part in many philanthropic labours of the day. Thus the "British Schools" early claimed his attention, from a sense of the necessity of a better system of popular education fastened upon him while teaching an Adult School. His interest in this cause continued with him through life, and the fishing village of Cullercoats was the scene of his last efforts of this kind. The new school-house there may be looked upon as a monument of his energy and perseverance when nearly eighty years of age.

To the little band of Friends in Norway, he was truly a "*nursing father*." His sympathies flowed largely towards them, and he diligently sought opportunities to do them good.

The abolition of the Slave Trade, and slavery also, for many years shared his energetic support and sympathy, and the pressing claims of the poor and destitute at his own door, met with more than ordinary attention. *His*, was indeed an *active* sympathy, and it may truly be said that "the blessings of them that were ready to perish came upon him,—and he caused the widow's heart to leap for joy."

But the *Bible Society*, next to his more direct religious engagements, shared by far the most

largely in his personal labours. For this cherished object he spared neither time nor strength. Holding the Office of Depositary for about fifty years, nearly two hundred and fifty thousand bibles passed through his hands. Whatever he undertook he made it a principle to do it thoroughly; a peculiar simplicity of action and earnestness of purpose, marked his efforts of every kind, *love to God*, and *love to man*, being the actuating motive of his conduct. As increasing infirmities stole upon him, he felt compelled to retire from active life, as it were, step by step,—and having at length resigned the last duties of his beloved Bible Society into the hands of his two sons, he peacefully retired to his own quiet home. Cheerfulness and serenity followed his steps thither; and with his books, his pen, and the society of his friends, his time was spent pleasantly and profitably.

In the 80th year of his age he makes the following entry in his journal:—

“I may thankfully acknowledge the good degree of general health which I am yet permitted to enjoy so as to enable me to continue to pursue many of my wonted occupations, and to attend all our Meetings for Worship, with occasional exceptions only.

“I may truly exclaim—What shall I render unto thee, O my God, for all thy benefits, and especially for those heart-tendering visitations of thy love and power, and the sense of thy forgiveness of all my past transgressions, and that they are blotted out in the blood of the Lamb—our blessed Redeemer. Yea, thou art graciously pleased to favour thy poor frail unworthy servant with a sense of thy living, life-giving presence,—not only when assembled with my brethren in our religious meetings, but also when confined to my own house. How precious is the sense of thy mercy and loving-kindness to my soul, thus to feel thee near, even in my solitary seasons of awful, reverent, silent waiting upon thee. Be near me, O my gracious Heavenly Father, my blessed and ever adorable Redeemer, to the end of my pilgrimage in this probationary state, and when it shall please thee to say ‘it is enough,’ then permit my spirit to mingle with the saints already made perfect in celebrating the praises of thy redeeming love.”

For some time previous to his last illness the health of our dear friend had been considerably impaired, and at times the fluctuations were of a serious character. Yet during the winter of 1859-60 his thoughts were much occupied with the

subject of foreign missions, and the importance of our Society taking a more active part in spreading the knowledge of the Gospel in heathen lands. He wrote with his own hand nearly one hundred letters on this subject, many of them of considerable length, and was much gratified by the cordiality of the response received from many of his friends. It is an interesting fact that the last letter of this series was written on the very day when he first became confined to his room, being ever afterwards disqualified from using the pen.

On a cold day in the Third month, 1860, he had walked across a common to visit a young man who was in a consumption. The exposure brought on an attack of bronchitis, and for some weeks his state seemed very critical. He evidently thought so himself, and made some allusion to the settlement of his outward affairs, and to the arrangements for his funeral, which he wished to be conducted with "great simplicity, and in accordance with the principles of his life." A hope was expressed that he might yet survive this illness. "Yes," he replied, "it may be so; but I have been let down some steps—one symptom comes after another. I wish to have no will of my own, but to rely entirely on the love and wisdom of my Heavenly Father. It has been my

desire all my life long to live in entire submission to the Divine will, and it remains to be so still. I have not been able to bear much high enjoyment, but I have been favoured with great peace and comfort."

On another occasion he remarked: "I have been thinking of an expression of dear Adelaide Newton: 'I do not seem as if I could *rise* to Christ, but I can *sink down* to him.'" And again, "I have many peaceful thoughts running through my mind. It is a privilege to live near the Fountain." At another time he said: "I think I can say with the Psalmist: 'My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.'"

He was particularly interested in the welfare of his younger friends, and frequently manifested his love to them by kind Christian counsel. On one of these being introduced into his room, he seemed pleased to see him, but remarked that he could not converse much with his friends, yet he felt "an ocean of love towards them;" adding, that he was not in the habit of speaking much of it, but he had always cherished this feeling—"Love to God and love to man."

One day he asked to have the 14th chapter of John read to him, and said he had dwelt much

on this chapter during his illness, and with great comfort, adding, "It shows in so remarkable a manner the love of God to his creature man."

Fifth month, 22nd, 1860. He remarked: "I have been thinking a great deal of the friends who are now assembled at the Yearly Meeting. I trust the Divine name will be exalted; *that* is the great point. For myself, I am permitted to be very peaceful—to drink freely of the river which makes glad the whole heritage of God." Some days later he said, after a severe attack of pain, "Life is a very varying scene; sometimes pain, sometimes ease; sometimes joy, sometimes sorrow; it is a great favour to be enabled to bear pain with submission."

In allusion to his beloved Mission subject, and to what had lately taken place in the Yearly Meeting with regard to it, he afterwards said: "The seed has taken root, and it will grow. We may have to wait for a time, but *it will grow*. What a favour that I was enabled to work for awhile, before being laid by." It was indeed truly instructive to observe how the veteran soldier of Christ did work during that winter, hour after hour, and day after day, in that particular service, as if continually prompted by the thought, "I must work while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

As the summer of 1860 drew on, the bodily health of this dear friend improved considerably, but from local infirmities, he was never able to sit up after that period. Though confined to his bed, he entered with lively interest into much that was going on, not merely in the social circle, but in the world at large. After many weeks inability for reading, he one day asked for a newspaper, and upon inquiry being made respecting the particular subject that interested him, he rejoined, "I am a citizen of the world, and I wanted to know how it was going on; I wanted to know how the war in Italy is affecting the interests of religion on the continent."

His cheerful contentment was truly instructive; on two occasions he alluded to the lines of the poet, applying them to his own state—

"This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let *thy* will be done."

Speaking to a young domestic, and remarking he "was well provided for," he repeated the lines—

"Unnumbered comforts to my soul,
Thy tender care bestow'd;
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man."

In reference to his illness and its issue, whether for life or death, he said, "We may safely confide both in the wisdom and goodness of God. It is in the course of nature. Our Lord told his disciples 'to mark the signs of the times,' and *I* have had many signs. It is a favour I am able to read and enjoy life to a considerable degree."

When under a sense of weakness and inability to do anything but lie passively in the Lord's hands, he quoted the line,

"They also serve, who only stand and wait."

He once remarked in allusion to an attack of illness, that he considered it "a step lower down the hill;" but added, "I have a bright, happy prospect beyond, and that is a great satisfaction." His sight at one time being much affected, he observed, that if this weakness should increase, and he should become unable to read, he had "a rich store laid up to reflect upon."

On more than one occasion the inquiry was put to him whether he did not feel tired with lying so long in bed, to which he replied, "I do not use the word *tired*, it is not in my vocabulary. It is a

great favour I can lie so still, and ruminate on the *past*. I have an abundant store laid up there." He often expressed his thankfulness that his memory had been so well stored in his youth. With such resources as these, together with the more immediate influences of the Holy Spirit, his time passed sweetly, so that life seemed no burden, and as he frequently said, he did not feel time long. His beaming countenance was often strikingly indicative of the peace and holy joy within. His entire unselfishness was often shewn in his desire not to be himself the cause of interrupting the avocations and duties of others.

He frequently addressed to his children the exhortation—"Go and be useful. Do as much good as you can." One day, he remarked that the longer he lived, the more he was convinced of the truth of the saying, "*No life* is pleasing to God that is not useful to man." He continued to cherish a warm interest in the public objects to which those around him were directing their attention, and always lent a ready ear to any little details with which they could supply him. On one occasion, a large number of young female teachers, who had gathered up from schools far and near at the "Christmas recess," were introduced into his room, and it was delightful to

witness the deep interest he evinced in their welfare, as he addressed them at his bedside, and endeavoured to strengthen and encourage them in their arduous and important duties,—adding, “Study the Holy Scriptures yourselves: let them be your counsel and guide, and seek for strength by prayer—that you may succeed in your work.”

He often dwelt on the great responsibility devolving on teachers, and when speaking of their frequent discouragements, he remarked: “It was wisely ordered, that we should not always see the result of our labour: but there is no doubt that the good seed, when sown in faith, will bring forth its fruits hereafter.” Once when he was informed that a teacher of a large school was *very ill*, and that it seemed mysterious so many poor children should thus be left, he replied with great solemnity, “As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts;” and, as if gently to rebuke a want of faith, he added—“Canst thou, by searching, find out God? Canst thou find out the *Almighty* to perfection?” His look and manner, as he repeated these words were deeply impressive.

Second month, 1862. In reply to a remark made by one of his family in reference to his

state, he sweetly said—"I am *calm, peaceful, and waiting,—entirely peaceful*, as it regards the main point." After some days of extreme lassitude and exhaustion, he gave expression to his prostrate feelings thus: "Half a man; a wrecked vessel." His daughter replied: "If thou *art* wrecked—I think it is on a safe coast." He answered, "A strong *hope* through grace." Soon after this, he said to his daughter A——, on her going into his room, "I am very feeble now." "Yes," she replied—"but what a blessing, dear father, that there is this unbroken *peace*;" "Yes, *it is*," he rejoined; and after a pause, most emphatically added, "*Faith, Hope, Peace, Love*." He was accustomed to refer with deep interest to a remark made by a friend to Adelaide Newton, that he hoped she "would be able to look on *death* as a sunken fence, and look *over* it, and *beyond* it, to the *glory* on the other side."

Seventh month, 1st. On allusion being made by a friend from a distance to the favour that his faculties were preserved so clear, he remarked, that it had ever been a cause for deep thankfulness, "but if it had been otherwise ordered what could be said, but the will of the Lord be done." For the last ten days of his life, the beloved sufferer was gradually sinking. There

was comparatively little pain, and his faculties were still mercifully preserved. There was the same holy calm, the same invariable sweetness, but he was generally too weak to converse, or to make a slight movement without assistance, while the flickering pulse and laboured breathing showed clearly that the solemn summons was approaching. About noon, on the day of his departure, a shivering fit came on, and after he recovered a little, a loving niece asked him if he knew her, when she was cheered by an expressive smile. Towards five o'clock, he was again attacked with shivering, which was alarmingly severe for some time. Through the remainder of the evening he continued sinking, and further human aid was of no avail. Between eight and nine, his family circle seated themselves around his bed, accompanied by three faithful domestics, and his tenderly attached nurse. The seventh chapter of Revelations was read; the calm which succeeded was unbroken, save by the heaving breath, and about eleven o'clock the beloved and honoured servant of the Lord was gently released—to be for ever with Him, in the kingdom of His glory.

HENRIETTA RICHARDSON, 42 5 9 mo. 1862

Lisburn. Daughter of John Richardson.

HANNAH RISELY, 85 7 3 mo. 1862

Winchmore Hill, near London.

ERNEST ROBERTS, 7 13 8 mo. 1862

Plymouth. Son of George and Jane Roberts.

MARIA ROBERTS, 37 1 6 mo. 1862

Rawtenstall, near Crawshawbooth. Wife of James Roberts.

THOMAS ROBERTS, *Chatteris.* 77 21 11 mo. 1861

MARY ROBERTS, 84 11 1 mo. 1862

Chatteris. Widow of Thomas Roberts.

ALFRED ROWNTREE, 25 25 7 mo. 1862

Bradford, Yorkshire. Son of Isaac and Sarah Rowntree.

During a long and trying illness this dear young friend was sustained in much patience and resignation to his Heavenly Father's will. Distrustful of himself he was enabled to rely in filial confidence upon his God and Saviour. His earnest prayers for Divine support seemed to be remarkably answered; and frequently, when suffering acute pain, he manifested great anxiety that no expression should escape him which might indicate the least approach to a murmur. The hymn "One sweetly solemn thought," &c., was a great favourite with him; and, as painful days and wearisome nights succeeded each other, he often took comfort in the thought, "I am nearer home to day than I ever have been before."

For some months before his decease it was instructive to observe how gently he appeared to be drawn into closer communion with his Saviour. Whilst the Holy Scriptures were daily perused with much prayer, an evident growth in grace afforded comforting assurance of an increasing meetness for a heavenly inheritance. Yet, naturally timid and reserved, he was not wont to disclose much of his feelings, till, as the time of his departure drew near, he became anxious to impress upon all around him the great truths of the Gospel, which under the Spirit's influence, afforded so much consolation to his own heart. He then made use of every fitting opportunity to speak to others of the blessed Saviour in whom he was himself confiding ; while the great truth that Jesus had " borne his sins in His own body on the tree " was manifestly the ground of the patient sufferer's hope, and of that simple child-like trust in Him alone by which he was enabled, under much weariness and pain, to look forward with subdued joy to the time when mortality would be swallowed up of life, and he should be for ever present with the Lord. Thus graciously upheld to the end he fell asleep in Jesus, so gently that the exact time when the spirit took its flight was scarcely perceived.

- SARAH J. RUCKLEY, 79 16 11 mo. 1861
Coalbrookdale. Widow of James Ruckley.
- CATHERINE RUSSELL, 29 30 4 mo. 1862
Cork. Wife of Jonathan Russell.
- JAMES RUSSELL, 50 10 5 mo. 1862
Catherine's Park, Dublin.
- MARTHA ANN RUTTER, 59 16 12 mo. 1861
Shotley Bridge. Widow of Alfred Rutter.
- SARAH HANNAH RUTTER, 39 7 8 mo. 1862
Newcastle-on-Tyne.
- JOSEPH SAMS, 53 12 7 mo. 1862
Thornbury, near Bristol.
- ANN SATTERTHWAITE, 70 29 4 mo. 1862
Setmurthy, Cockermouth. Wife of Jonathan Satterthwaite.
- JOHN SAUL, *Allonby.* 65 25 3 mo. 1862
- MAURICE SAUNDERS, 8 29 8 mo. 1862
London. Son of Edwd. and Caroline Saunders.
- RACHEL SHARP, 64 23 9 mo. 1862
Winchmore Hill.
- REBECCA SHEPHARD, 65 11 10 mo. 1861
York. Wife of Mark Holman Shephard.
- THOMAS SHILLITOE, 79 20 4 mo. 1862
Tottenham.
- SARAH SILL, *Kendall.* 87 9 1 mo. 1862
- MARY SIMPSON, 79 8 10 mo. 1861
Cockermouth. Widow of A. Simpson.

GEORGE SIMPSON,	52	8	2 mo.	1862
<i>Manchester.</i>				
ELIZABETH SIXSMITH,	32	19	2 mo.	1862
<i>Ballibey, Ireland.</i> Daughter of Michael Sixsmith.				
STEPHEN SLINGER,	20	24	1 mo.	1862
<i>Sedbergh.</i> Son of Edward Slinger.				
ELIZABETH SMITH,	76	7	10 mo.	1861
<i>Uxbridge.</i> An Elder. Widow of Thos. Smith.				
JOSEPH SMITH, <i>Uxbridge.</i>	45	29	11 mo.	1861
CHARLES SMITH,	86	13	2 mo.	1862
<i>Shepley, near Highflatts, Yorkshire.</i>				
MARIA SMITH,	62	3	7 mo.	1862
<i>Seacombe, near Liverpool.</i> Wife of Henry Smith.				

With a mind full of sympathy, and the "milk of human kindness," this dear friend endeared herself in no common degree to all around her, and the energy which characterised her youthful days, was very conspicuous even in advancing life.

In 1819 she was united in marriage to Henry Smith, of Doncaster, and as a wife and mother she exhibited a spirit chastened by child-like submission to her Heavenly Father's will—bringing forth the blessed fruits of "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

In the course of her varied life it was frequently her lot to reside at a considerable distance from our religious meetings, but unavoidable difficulties alone were allowed to prevent her from assembling, even with the two or three, for the purpose of the worship of God. A cheerful and happy disposition, combined with Christian experience and comparative relief from care, shone brightly during the latter period of her life. Deep maternal solicitude for her eleven children was a conspicuous trait in her character. Her letters to them breath a spirit of fervent prayer on their behalf, and are remarkably replete with tender counsel.

In the midst of a life of active domestic and neighbourly duties, in which she took great delight, she was seized with small-pox; the complaint ran its course for more than three weeks, and the subsiding fever was more than her weakened frame could bear. From the nature of the disease several of her children and relatives were prevented seeing her during her illness, but her husband, and those of her children who were privileged to nurse her, had abundant proof that, with her lamp trimmed, she was "ready, waiting for her Lord."

On the 29th of Sixth month she said, "I have had such a sweet morning, such *pure* feelings."

Indeed she often gave evidence of the brightness of her prospects, at one time remarking: "My happiness is only too great." At another time she referred to a remarkable dream she had while a girl at school, when faith was given her which had never left her through all her vicissitudes and trials. In addressing her beloved husband she said, in allusion to the Father of mercies: "May He bless thee and support thee on *every* hand!" To her closely attached brother she sent the message: "Give my love to my brother, and tell him the Lord is my portion." At another time she addressed her son: "My son, be thou faithful unto death, and He will give thee a crown of life." Her sight was nearly gone, and supposing her children near, a few hours later, she said: "Stand round the bed. Through mercy, what a blessing you have been to me." And shortly after, conscious that her end was approaching, she exclaimed: "The conflict will soon be over; glory! glory!" After a little quiet, she said in a weak and slow but distinct voice: "The throne—there's the throne;—I see the Lamb standing before the throne;—my Saviour is waiting to receive me."

Thus gently passed away the redeemed spirit of this humble-minded Christian, to be for ever with

those who, having come out of great tribulation, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and praise the Lord day and night in his temple.

EDWIN SMITH, 5 21 7 mo. 1862

Middlesborough. Son of Thos. and Ann Smith.

MARTHA SMITH, *Liverpool.* 46 27 7 mo. 1862

Wife of Paul Smith.

SAMUEL SNOWDEN, 31 27 5 mo. 1862

Bradford, Yorks. Son of John and Ann Snowden.

JOSEPH S. SOUTHALL, 26 23 9 mo. 1862

Nottingham.

MILLICENT SPORLE, 89 7 2 mo. 1862

Southport. Widow of Edmund G. Sporle.

THOMAS SQUIRE, *Epping.* 85 20 5 mo. 1862

SAMUEL STANDING, 9 12 10 mo. 1861

Charlwood, Surrey. Son of John and Hannah Standing.

The sweet and affectionate disposition of this beloved boy endeared him to all around him. With the simplicity of childhood he combined an amount of intelligent thoughtfulness beyond his years. He was remarkable for great tenderness of conscience, and the straightforwardness of truth was very conspicuous in his words and actions. His parents do not remember that he ever required

correction for a fault, and his example to his little sister, the only girl among a numerous family, and the gentle manner in which he manifested his brotherly concern for her when she did anything wrong, were quite instructive. These amiable qualities, there is good reason to believe, were not merely the result of natural temperament, but among the fruits of early love to Jesus, and a renewed heart susceptible of those spiritual graces which adorn the children of God.

Little Samuel was never a strong child, and in the autumn of 1859 a severe attack of illness greatly impaired his constitution, and he never entirely recovered from its effects. He was therefore a good deal confined to the house, and very much the companion of his mother, while the other children of the family were at school, or engaged in other pursuits. During this time he learnt to read, and made some progress in other branches of elementary education; and he took much delight in committing to memory some of the precious truths of the Bible, as well as a number of beautiful hymns.

In the early part of 1861 he took a severe cold which brought on a gradual decline. His long illness was very instructive to those about him. His sufferings were sometimes very great, but he

never but once gave expression to words of impatience, and then he only queried, "whether his Heavenly Father would not take him to himself, if prayer were offered for it." Being assured that his Heavenly Father knew best what was good for him, and that He would release him in the *right time*, he afterwards manifested no impatience, but was willing to wait the appointed hour. He had been taught the value of prayer, and though too young often to express his feelings in words, he was truly of a prayerful spirit; and was often comforted when his beloved father offered up supplication at the throne of grace, on his behalf, beside his little couch.

Observing his parents weeping he entreatingly said: "Don't weep—don't weep for me. I am so happy. I never felt like this before; it seems as if my Heavenly Father is in the room—I am so happy." His grandfather had died about three weeks before, and on looking at a photographic portrait of him, he exclaimed, "That is grandfather! I shall see him—I shall see him!" This little incident, with many others that might be named, afforded touching proof of the simple but earnest and confiding expectation of the dear child of a happy exchange of his earthly sufferings for the joys of heaven; and just before the

close, especially, a sweet foretaste of rest in Jesus was mercifully granted him.

That his child-like trust in the Saviour may animate many others, and especially the youthful readers of this brief narrative, is the prayerful desire of those who cherish an affectionate remembrance of Samuel Standing.

WILLIAM STANSFIELD, 65 10 6 mo. 1862
Lothersdale, Yorks.

MARY STARBUCK, 75 28 9 mo. 1862
Milford Haven. Widow of Paul Starbuck.

MARY FRANCES STEVENS, 54 30 11 mo. 1861
Staines.

WILLOUGHBY P. STEVENS, 12 1 9 mo. 1862
Banbury. Son of W. P. and Ann Stevens.

LYDIA STRINGER, *Leicester.* 75 24 3 mo. 1862

CHARLES A. STURGE, 7 22 4 mo. 1862
Bristol. Son of William Sturge.

MARTIN SWIFT, 16 23 4 mo. 1862
Bradford, Yorks. Son of Timothy and Fanny Swift.

MARTHA TATTERSHALL, 83 20 7 mo. 1862
Chapel Allerton, near Leeds. Widow of James Tattershall.

REBECCA TATUM, *Rochester.* 69 6 1 mo. 1862
An Elder.

WILLIAM TATUM, *Rochester.* 79 5 6 mo. 1862

CATHERINE TAYLOR,	82	3	3 mo.	1862
<i>Fleetwood, Lancashire.</i>				
HENRY THEOBALD, <i>Bristol.</i>	26	21	2 mo.	1862
BENJAMIN TOWNSON,	3	23	12 mo.	1861
<i>Liverpool.</i> Son of Benjamin and Mary Townson.				
THOMAS S. TREGELLES,	34	26	12 mo.	1861
<i>Truro.</i>				
DANIEL TUKE, Junr.,	15	19	8 mo.	1862
<i>Bradford, Yorks.</i> Son of Daniel and Mary Ann Tuke.				
DEBORAH TURTLE,	80	16	2 mo.	1862
<i>Tanamore, near Lurgan.</i> Widow of James Turtle.				
JAMES TYLER,	35	19	11 mo.	1861
<i>Holloway, London.</i>				

“His end was peace,” might perhaps characterise the main and brighter portion of the Christian experience of this young friend, and render needless any further comment; but the resignation he was enabled to feel the nearer his end approached, in committing himself, a wife and children, to the care of his Heavenly Father, seems to call for a few remarks. In disposition he was kind and affectionate, and at all times ready to promote the good of those around him. Though preserved from much evil, and living a moral life, the great

work of true religion in the heart did not manifest itself until his later years, when, as is frequent in such cases, its growth was gradual. His endeavours to help forward the cause of his Redeemer amongst those with whom his lot was cast were constant, and there is reason to hope not fruitless; though he felt himself to be weak in faith and needing much spiritual help. When declining health first warned him of the possibility of a shortened existence here, the prospect of parting from his loved ones distressed him considerably; but as his illness (consumption) increased, he was brought fully to believe and confide in the wisdom and goodness of Him "who doeth all things well." The last days of his life were instructive and comforting to his friends in seeing the patience and calmness with which he was favoured to look forward to his release from the bonds of mortality.

ELIZABETH TYLER, 62 17 6 mo. 1862

Cheltenham. Widow of William Tyler.

ANN VICKERS, 57 24 4 mo. 1862

Munthorp, near Ayton, Yorks. Wife of James Vickers.

FANNY VOISEY, *Redruth.* 85 4 10 mo. 1861

Widow of Humphrey Voisey.

GEORGE WALKER, 61 27 12 mo. 1861

Scholes, Wooldale, Yorkshire.

- ANNA MARIA WALKER, 70 25 6 mo. 1862
Leeds. An Elder. Widow of Thomas Walker.
- ADA MARY WALLIS, 2 9 8 mo. 1862
Ipswich. Daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Wallis.
- JAMES WALPOLE, Junr., 31 13 10 mo. 1861
Rathgar, Co. Dublin. Son of James Walpole.
- SARAH WARNER, 73 5 3 mo. 1862
Hoddesden. Widow of John Warner.
- JOHN D. WATLOCK, 54 1 11 mo. 1861
Wandsworth.
- ESTHER WATSON, 76 8 6 mo. 1862
Newcastle-on-Tyne. An Elder. Widow of Joshua Watson.
- JANE WATSON, 76 26 6 mo. 1862
Cockermouth. An Elder. Widow of Joseph Watson.

This beloved friend may be compared to a shock of corn fully ripe, gathered in its season. She pursued her path in a meek and quiet spirit, and died full of faith in the efficacy of her Saviour's love and redeeming power, and in a happy assurance of a glorious immortality.

Her intellects were clear to the last, and her heart seemed overflowing with love to God and her fellow-creatures. A short time before her departure, she was heard to say, "The messenger

has come," and then peacefully passed away, we reverently believe to join the ransomed of all generations before the throne of God and the Lamb.

HENRY WEAVER, 76 27 2 mo. 1862
Buckland Common, Berkhamsted.

ELEANOR A. WEBSTER, 37 18 8 mo. 1862
Halifax. Daughter of George and Eleanor Webster.

JOHN WIGHAM, Junior, 80 29 4 mo. 1862
Edinburgh. An Elder.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." It is felt to be a pleasing duty to record the example of one, recently passed from among us, who was enabled, through Divine grace, in the course of a long life, to set forth the truth of this Scripture declaration; and to exemplify, by word and deed, in conduct and conversation, that, to the humble believer in Christ—to love God, and keep his commandments, and to love our neighbour as ourselves, is life and peace. This was strikingly manifest in the character of this dear friend. Retiring from the active pursuit of business in middle life, he devoted, not only his time and talents, but much of his outward substance, to the promotion of benevolent and useful institutions for the advancement of the moral and religious welfare of his

fellowmen, being, at the same time, a diligent attender of our religious meetings, and a zealous upholder of the principles of our religious Society, to which he was much attached. To him the Scripture language might be applied, "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."

Possessed of a superior understanding and clear judgment, sanctified by the power of religion, he was well qualified to be a guide and counsellor to others; and, having large benevolence of heart, he was ever ready to listen to, and help with his advice and assistance, not the poor only, but all who applied to him; many of whom can testify to the value of his disinterested and unselfish judgment and goodness of heart. A conspicuous feature of his character was a tender feeling for the poor and distressed; his sympathy for these was constant and unvarying: so that of him it might truly be said, "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him, then it gave witness to him—the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Though a *man* in mental vigour, he was a *child* in humility; feeling himself poor and unworthy in the sight of Him, from whom he had received

his talents, and without whose Divine assistance, he was sensible, he could do no good thing.

The last three years of his life he suffered much from bodily pain and weakness; but under this, as under every other trial, he evinced peaceful resignation to the Divine will—the daily prayer of his heart being, “Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.” He was at all times backward to speak of himself or his own attainments; but during his illness, in allusion to his pain and weariness of body, he sweetly said, “But it will soon be all over; that he should prefer being taken, and had nothing to boast of, but felt peace.”

The last summons was sudden to those around him, though he was himself evidently prepared for it; and, it is reverently believed, that, trustfully resting on Christ, the Rock of Ages, the redeemed spirit had only to lay down the earthly tabernacle, and receive the blessed sentence, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord. Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me.’

LOUIS A. WHITBURN, 2 24 12 mo. 1861
Orrell, Lancashire. Son of Henry B. and
Mary Whitburn.

MARY WHITE, 81 21 12 mo. 1861
Waterford. Widow of William White.

- ANNA MARIA WHITE, 65 16 2 mo. 1862
Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire. Wife of William White.
- ANNA MARIA WHITFIELD, 17 28 11 mo. 1861
Newcastle-on-Tyne. Daughter of Edward and Mary Whitfield.
- MARY WHITLARK, *Finedon.* 89 15 8 mo. 1862
- PHILIPPA WILLIAMS, 87 7 12 mo. 1861
Burncoose, Redruth. A Minister. Widow of John Williams.
- JAMES WILSON, 62 29 6 mo. 1862
Lothersdale, Yorkshire.
- ANN WOMERSLEY, *Rochester.* 77 27 4 mo. 1862
- JULIA WORMALL, 2 3 5 mo. 1862
Huddersfield. Daughter of James and Eliza Wormall.
- DEBORAH WRIGHT, 42 29 5 mo. 1862
Kettering. Wife of Francis E. Wright.
- MARY WRIGHT, 80 29 8 mo. 1862
Kettering. An Elder. Widow of Francis Wright.

INFANTS whose names are not inserted.

Under one month	Boys	1	...	Girls	2
From one to three months...	do.	2	...	do.	2	...	do.
From three to six months...	do.	4	...	do.	2	...	do.
From six to twelve months...	do.	7	...	do.	2	...	do.

Names not reported before.

THOMAS NORTH, <i>London.</i>	74	17	3 mo.	1860
ANN WAGSTAFF,	68	6	9 mo.	1861
<i>Stockwell, London.</i>	Widow of Wm Wagstaff.			
THOMAS CHRISTY WAKEFIELD,	89	18	6 mo.	1861
<i>Glenalton, Torquay.</i>	An Elder.			

TABLE.

Shewing the Deaths, at different Ages, in the Society of Friends, in Great Britain and Ireland, during the Years 1859—60, 1860—61, and 1861—62.

AGE.	YEAR 1859—60.			YEAR 1860—61.			YEAR 1861—62.		
	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
	13	5	18	16	6	22	14	8	22
Under 1 year*	18	10	28	22	16	38	19	16	35
Under 5 years	3	8	11	5	5	10	6	2	8
From 5 to 10 "	3	3	6	1	1	2	4	2	6
" 10 to 15 "	4	4	8	4	7	11	3	5	8
" 15 to 20 "	7	10	17	7	9	16	14	10	24
" 20 to 30 "	11	5	16	4	9	13	8	14	22
" 30 to 40 "	7	9	16	9	7	16	1	14	15
" 40 to 50 "	11	19	30	13	19	32	14	7	21
" 50 to 60 "	27	32	59	20	32	52	24	21	45
" 60 to 70 "	27	48	75	30	45	75	30	40	70
" 70 to 80 "	15	34	49	17	29	46	9	27	36
" 80 to 90 "	4	5	9	1	3	4	3	4	7
" 90 to 100 " ..	137	187	324	133	182	315	135	162	297
All Ages									

*The numbers in this series are included in the next, "under 5 years."

Average age in 1859—60, 55 years, 8 months, 1-3 day.

Average age in 1860—61, 53 years, 5 months, and 12 1-6 days.

Average age in 1861—62, 50 years, 10 months, and 15 days.

GEORGE RICHARDSON PUMPHREY,

*Died at St. Mary's Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
the 17th of Tenth Month, 1862, aged 32 years.*

Among the "secret things" which "belong unto the Lord," it is instructive to mark the varying term of life allotted in his providence to those who have given in their names to serve him. Some of these are spared to benefit the Church and the world by their devoted labours during a long course of years, and are at last gathered like shocks of corn fully ripe. Others, regarded as "burning and shining lights," are cut off in the midst of their usefulness; while their sun had hardly begun to decline, it is seen to "set in brightness." Others again, scarcely yet in their prime, are "called up higher" when just entering upon the path of devotedness—"offering the first of their ripe fruit,"—while many were rejoicing in hope of much longer and larger increase. He whose "ways are past finding out," doubtless in

infinite wisdom and love, "takes away, and who can hinder him? Who will say unto Him, what doest thou?" Thoughts like these naturally arise, when, after having recorded in the preceding pages, the decease of the venerable grandfather, and of the beloved and honoured father, we have now to add the name of the son to the list of the departed.

GEORGE RICHARDSON PUMPHREY was the eldest son of Thomas and Rachel Pumphrey, of Ackworth. Of the years of his childhood and youth nothing particular is recorded, but to the circumstances connected with his early removal a peculiarly touching interest is attached. He was a young man of much promise, and had given proof of decided attachment to the Redeemer's cause. With great industry and attention he had established himself in business in Newcastle, but whilst diligent in his outward concerns, he was far from allowing these so to engross his mind as to disqualify him for higher pursuits. In the love and fear of his God and Saviour he prayerfully sought to watch over his own heart, and vigorously devoted himself to various philanthropic engagements for the good of his fellow-men.

This was strikingly manifest by his earnest efforts in connection with the First-day School.

An advanced class of young men in that establishment claimed his special sympathy and care, and on their behalf he did not cease to labour even when failing bodily powers called for relaxation and rest. There is good ground to believe that his assiduous endeavours to instruct others were blessed to himself; the habit of self-examination and self-culture was thereby confirmed, and led to the acquirement of many profitable lessons in the school of Christ. The concluding paragraph of a paper which he addressed to a meeting of the teachers associated with him in the work, affords an interesting glimpse of what was passing in his own heart.

“ While recommending a high standard, and acknowledging the importance of endeavouring to attain to it, I feel how very short I come myself: yet let us not be discouraged. God often makes use of the weak things of the world to confound the wise; and may he not make use of us? Discouragement incapacitates for labour. If we feel weak, let us apply to Him who can and will give strength for any work he requires. Let us then *work—believing* we shall succeed; for, ‘ Whatever ye ask in my name *believing*, ye shall receive,’ was the promise of our Saviour. May none of us be like guide-posts, pointing out the

way to heaven, but making no progress thitherward ourselves. May we rather experience the fulfilment of the promise: 'He that watereth others, himself shall be watered.' "

He felt Sabbath School teaching to be emphatically a hard work, and a work of faith,—that "the seed-time is ours, and we must work in faith, casting our bread upon the waters, relying upon the promise, 'thou shalt find it after many days.' " It may be a little encouragement to some weary worker to learn, that this dear young man acknowledged with his dying lips, that his labours in his class had been a great satisfaction to him; whilst at the same time he regretted that he had not been more earnest to impress upon his scholars the importance of the great doctrine of Justification by faith in Christ.

The watchful Christian care he exercised over his household with special reference to the young men employed in his business, was a striking feature of his character; and some of them, there is reason to believe, will have cause to look back with gratitude to their tarriance under his roof. His religion was eminently practical, and in the social circle with which he was connected the benefit of his example was often felt and acknowledged. As a tradesman his judgment was sound;

and his accuracy and uprightness gained for him a high place in the estimation of his fellow-townsmen, with whom he was thus brought in contact. The principles which actuated his conduct in these relations are well set forth in a letter to one of his friends.

“ I have often thought of the words : ‘ If everything were kept in its right place, best things would be uppermost ;’ which shews *me* that things are not in their right places. I don’t know whether I can trust that all things will be right or not. I often think if I were to die now what would become of me ; but I do not arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. A partial, but not entire trust is generally the feeling.

“ I do not know what to say about thy plan of not looking at thyself too much. I do not think it a very safe one, at least for most. It seems so like not taking stock in business, for fear of the result. I find that unless I constantly look into the state of my business, enter into the causes of any complaint from customers, or of any falling off in my sales, that my business either does not increase, or goes back ; and I think that a similar result is likely to take place in our spiritual welfare. I think nothing has given me such a practical understanding of the term : ‘ Press toward

the mark for the prize,' &c, as the constant care that is required to see that every thing in my business is done in the best possible manner. A great effort now and then won't do; it must be a constant, steady pressure upon every department. I hardly see how we can 'watch and pray' successfully without looking to see whether the enemy has got *within*, while we ourselves are watching *without*."

Another extract from a letter, dated Seventh mo. 1, 1861, further illustrates his character: "I know our conduct is watched even in very little things; and I know that in a large meeting like this, an imperceptible influence—the preaching of the life—quiet and unostentatious, is very great; and greater, if it is seen that our motives are not to produce an *effect*. We do not serve a hard Master; and if we only do our duty in one thing at once, we shall, I believe, be rewarded and helped, and have the pleasure of advancing, in a small measure, the kingdom of Christ. We must not seek to 'serve Him much, but to *please* him perfectly.'"

He entered into the married state with bright prospects of happiness, about a year before the close of his earthly career; and he became the father of a sweet babe only two months previous

to this event. Ignorant of what was to come, life to him gave promise of much enjoyment. But He whose "ways are unsearchable" saw meet to mar all these prospects by the chastening hand of affliction. An illness of many months' duration was permitted to assail him. Step by step he was withdrawn from his business cares, and laid on his couch in helpless prostration. Frequent absence from home was thought to be desirable; and altogether his situation became one of great trial of faith. Long and earnestly did he pursue the various means prescribed for his restoration, and he was slow to believe that the disease which clung to him so tenaciously was to carry him to the grave. His cheerfulness, however, in the midst of all these conflicting hopes and disappointments, seldom left him; and his humble resignation to the Divine will, pourtrayed by his conduct more than by his words, was truly instructive.

During a sojourn at Ilkley, his beloved father Thomas Pumphrey, who was there at the same time on account of his own health, thought it advisable to inform him that the doctor considered his case "a critical one." This at first seemed to take the dear invalid by surprise, as he had not himself regarded his state as hopeless;

but it was not permitted to deprive him of his serenity of mind; it proved the means only of enabling him more fully to realise the solemnity of his actual position. On his return home he appeared quietly and steadily to look to the end, and to prepare for it. The sudden removal of his dear father, two weeks only after he had visited him at Newcastle, was a great shock to his enfeebled frame. The following extract from his last pencilled letter to his bereaved mother, exhibits his feelings on this mournful occasion:

“We were much comforted by dear C’s interesting letter, both as to yourselves and our dear father’s triumphant death. It was a great mercy that he was spared much pain towards the close, and that his mind remained so clear,—and, more than all, that he had no spiritual conflict. Well might Balaam say, ‘O that I might die the death of the righteous,’ &c.

“Our loss is great indeed, for few have been blessed with such a father. It is a great satisfaction that we paid you that nice visit at Ilkley. I think I never knew him more tenderly kind. His little visit here, too, was very timely, and has left a very sweet savour. My dear wife feels his loss as if he had been her own father; but I must confess we have both been preserved in a

large measure of resignation, feeling thankful that such a parent has been preserved to us so long, rather than repining that he is now taken from us. We have so many mercies left that I often feel 'my cup runneth over.'

On the subject of his own position the dear invalid still maintained great reserve; but although, no doubt out of consideration for his beloved wife, he seldom said much in direct allusion to it, it was beautifully evident that the work of preparation for the final change was going forward. The sweetness of his countenance clearly indicated the peace, and trust in his God and Saviour which dwelt in his heart. And at length the time arrived when he could give expression to his feelings. Throughout his illness, especially the latter part of it, he seemed to realise the fulfilment of the promise contained in the text, repeated for his encouragement by a friend who visited him:—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on Thee; because he trusteth in thee." On one occasion, he told his wife that he felt himself getting weaker, and thought "it would not be long: but he believed that she would be cared for." In speaking of his dear father, and of reunion with him, he said—"how happy it would be," and

added, "that at the time of his death he felt as if he could almost see into the celestial city. The sorrow of losing him was much taken away by the thought of soon following him."

Being alone with his dear wife the afternoon before his decease: on her remarking that it would probably be for the last time, he replied, "he hoped baby would be a great comfort to her," and added, "but do not make an idol of him, dear! I believe thou wilt be cared for, darling—only keep close to thy Saviour."

Some time before his departure he had remarked that he felt "an humble trust of acceptance, but it did not amount to more." Later on his dear wife queried if he *then* felt more than "an humble trust;" to which he replied, "Yes, I think I do. The afternoon before his removal, when he thought he was going, he said—"I have no *glorious* prospect before me." Yet he was not afraid to die, and had no misgivings; and on the remark being made that it was not needful fully to realise the glories of the heavenly kingdom, if we were able to maintain the confiding trust, he sweetly assented.

His mental faculties were preserved remarkably bright to the end, and he seemed clearly to mark the loosening of the tacklings which held his frail

bark together. He took an affectionate leave of his friends, one by one, desiring that his dear love might be given to his absent ones,—thanking them all, including his medical attendants, for their kindness to him.

On his brother approaching him for the last time he said—“how sweet it was to think that the family were reuniting in heaven, acknowledging that this thought had been an additional incentive to him to *press on* ;” adding “Farewell for ever;” and “We shall meet again.” Thus gently and peacefully, he passed away.

Teaching by Trials.*

It is singularly beautiful to behold the sacred light that shines through periods of sorrow. Some of the simple hymns of Cowper transmit that light as an opal; for they were the child-like record of his own experience, and they have given a household language, as familiar as that of childhood, to some of the dearest processes of the Divine life.

Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring me to His feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.

Trials are among the most signal way-marks in the Pilgrimage of Faith;—trials in the beginning, trials in the continuance, trials at the end. Yet

* From Cheever's Waymarks of the Pilgrimage.

not trials always, nor trials unmingled, but enough constantly, or at intervals, to prove thee, and shew thee what is in thy heart, and to lead that heart for healing and rest to God.

When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear-shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.

The history of Faith, and of God's discipline for its increase and perfection, ever has been and ever will be a record of trials. Character is read and known in the temper of the soul sustaining them, and they themselves are the costly instruments of God in refining and establishing the soul. We are in the shop of the Great Jeweller, preparing for our places in his palace above; and they whom he means to make the most resplendent, said Leighton in this beautiful figure, he hath oftenest his tools upon. Until this discipline of God has been applied to him, a man knows not of what elements his nature is composed, nor what hidden evils may be festering in his bosom. God must bring them out and

redeem him from them, or he can never be prepared for the kingdom of heaven.

A jeweller may find, in making up a casket, a magnificent stone, in which there seems to be a flaw. If it extends through the stone, it is useless for his purpose, and laid aside for some inferior end. Therefore he begins to file it to see how deep it goes, and it may be that, after a little of this operation, it will show itself clear; but if not, then it is unfit for the place he had designed it to fill. So it is with God in making up his jewels; there is much filing needed to prepare them for their heavenly setting. Sometimes there are such flaws, that a Christian's usefulness here is well nigh destroyed, even if his hope of happiness hereafter be not ruined. How deep the interest, while the fires of God's discipline are at work upon a man to burn out his dross, or some keen file is applied to remove the evils in his character.

God sometimes sends trials not for general sanctification merely, but to thwart and break up particular schemes which were wrong, but which the Christian was trying to persuade himself he might lawfully accomplish. God may send a particular trial, on purpose to do this; it may be such a trial as removes away from a man's power some

dear thing on which he had relied for the prosecution of his scheme. A man is driving on, and God takes off his chariot-wheels, so that he drives heavily; withdraws the linch-pin, as it were, or takes away the main-spoke in the wheel of his plan, so that he is compelled to lay it aside. But ordinarily God proceeds more indirectly. He does not speak in a voice from heaven; he is not going to say from the sky, or in a supernatural dream by an angel, You must not go this way or that, or do this or that. He relies upon the common sense of his children for the right interpretation of his providences, and he leaves every man to draw his own inferences; only he says, Be ye not as the horse or as the mule, that are void of understanding, whose mouths must be held in with bit and bridle: that is not the way God takes to guide his children, but deals with them as free moral agents, and sometimes relies greatly upon their tenderness of conscience to see and feel quickly his meaning. "To this man will I look, even to him that is of a lowly and contrite spirit, and who trembleth at my Word."

And, doubtless, one of the first things which a child of God, who trembleth at his Word, will do in affliction, must be to examine himself, and see what course he has been pursuing, what sin he

has been cherishing, what selfish scheme indulging, or what idol he has set up in his heart, and to suspect that *that* is the thing that God means. But a man may easily deceive himself if he will; he may deal violently with his conscience, and shut his eye against the lessons God is teaching him, even in the midst of affliction; and if he does this, he will come out of his affliction a more selfish man than before, and with a radical injury done to his character, instead of a benefit. The flaw in that stone holds on, after all its cutting and filing; nay, it has become more conspicuous, and if God does not have to throw it away, he will be able at most to use it merely to fill up a chink in some obscure place, instead of putting it where it would have shone brightly to his glory.

It is a very precious thing, a very heavenly attainment, to have a quick and keen perception of God's meaning in his discipline, a tender and holy consciousness of its purport, and a sweet readiness to understand and obey its intimations, without forcing God to use greater violence. There is a child-like simplicity in the soul of a man walking closely with God, that finds out his meaning, even when others do not see how he is indicating it; just as a little child, when it is doing wrong in company, will understand even a gesture

of its mother, and not wait to be spoken to. It is tempting God, when a man hardens himself in his adversity. And for a child of God to wait to be spoken to more plainly, when the finger of God's warning providence is lifted in affliction, argues an obstinacy of temper, which God must conquer, or that child will be lost.

Temptations or trials, the endurance of which an apostle tells us is blessed, may be of two kinds, inward and external, and without them a man may know nothing of himself, but the hidden evils of his heart may be completely concealed from him. God varies this discipline, according as he sees the state of his people and the accomplishment of his object in the perfecting of their character require. Inward trials are the hardest to bear, and external trials indeed are light things, if a man's inward state be holy and happy, if he have the clear shining of the Saviour's countenance, and a sense of the approbation of his God. And there are so many and such precious promises made to those who are in affliction; afflictions, rightly received, are so clearly represented as a proof of sonship, and if endured for Christ's sake, are so evidently considered as the greatest of blessings; that when the heart is in the enjoyment and exercise of God's love, it is very easy

to endure. But when the inward state is wrong, when the soul has departed from God and grace is declining, then external trials are terrible. The mind is not at all prepared for them, they rouse up a sense of sin, and fill the soul with the anguish of conviction ; and such a man feels, in his departure from God, when overtaken by such evils, as if he had no friend or reliance either for this world or the next.

External trials in such a case are oftentimes the only means of salvation, the means of awakening, of conviction, and repentance. We love our own ease, and in an easy state, if God lets it continue, we may worship our own idols without being aware of it. On the other hand, to a soul that is following hard after God, living near to him, external trials are a great help to its advancement, a great assistance to its graces. External trials in such a case are sometimes as the very windows of heaven to the soul ; the light and blessedness of the celestial world come down through them. And they call grace into exercise and strengthen it ; they work patience, faith, submission, and all the graces that are to be learned in no other school but that of affliction. They are a great means of power in prayer.

Inward trials are of very various kinds, and

they sometimes come even in answer to prayer. Sometimes God leaves his dearest children to such a perception and experience of the devices of Satan, the temptations of his malice, and the dreadful evils of the heart, that they are well nigh overwhelmed and in despair. Instances of such experience as this are recorded abundantly in the Psalms. And the fruits of such trials are blessed. Blessed is the man that endureth such temptation; we mean, endureth it by fleeing to Christ with it. It is in such trials that the loftiest and most spiritual exercise of faith is called for; and it is out of such trials that there arises a rich, deep, and lasting experience, with strong and blessed points of Christian character. Such trials are good even in the commencement of one's Christian course,—better then, perhaps, than ever, for so they early teach the preciousness of Christ and the habit of profound reliance on him, as nothing else can. Therefore, let no one be discouraged in passing through such trials. Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God. It is comparatively at an early stage of his progress that Bunyan has put that terrific conflict of Christian

with Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation, and the scene of his difficulties in the Valley of the Shadow of Death lies near at hand. With this delineation agrees that admirable hymn of Newton :

I ask'd the Lord that I might grow
In faith and love, and every grace ;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answer'd prayer ;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

I hop'd that in some favour'd hour
At once He'd answer my request ;
And by His love's constraining power
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea more, with His own hand He seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

Lord, why is this ? I trembling cried :
Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death ?
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
" I answer prayer for grace and faith.

“ These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayst seek thy all in Me.”

Sometimes a man is called to endure temptation in a succession of little things, that are more difficult to be borne than great things. It is the rarest of all grace which is carried into daily, hourly exercise in the common-place business and intercourse of life ; we are so disposed to put off the exercise of grace to great occasions, and to let nature and not grace have its perfect work on all common ones. But it is a most wise remark of one of the Apocryphal books, He that despiseth little things, by little and little shall he fall. Our piety will be destroyed by small temptations, if we do not call it into exercise on small occasions. Let this be remembered in the common walks of life. Let it be remembered in the daily occupations of the household, and in all our intercourse one with another.

Christian communion and sympathy are of great value and comfort to a tempted soul. It is especially in spiritual things, that as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. But there are cases in which a man hardly dares believe that ever any other person experienced such assaults and evils as his own soul has

to pass through. There are cases in which he is very unwilling to repose confidence in any human being, and can go to none but God. And sometimes the more exclusively he is shut up to God the better.

There is an affecting and instructive delineation in the picture drawn by Bunyan, of Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man going before him, saying, Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no ill, for thou art with me. Then was he glad, and that for these reasons. First, because he gathered from thence that some who feared God were in this valley as well as himself. Secondly, for that he perceived God was with them, though in that dark and dismal state; and why not, thought he, with me; though by reason of the impediment that attends this place I cannot perceive it. Thirdly, for that he hoped could he overtake them, to have company by and by. So he went on, and called to him that was before; but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke. Then said Christian, "He hath turned the shadow of death into the morning."

And thus is God able at any time to turn the shadow of death into the morning. When he giveth peace, who then can make trouble? But until He be pleased to give peace, the soul must trust submissively to him, even in the darkness. Because there seems to be no light, but only darkness, that may not be any positive proof that God is not with the soul. The soul may not be able to perceive it, by reason, as Bunyan expresses it, of the impediment that attends the place; and yet God may be guiding and blessing the soul, even in such thick darkness. When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, said David in such a case, then THOU knewest my path.

God of my life, to Thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
Friend of the friendless and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

Did ever mourner plead with Thee
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

Fair is the lot that's cast for me ;
I have an advocate with Thee ;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.
Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

Waiting.

"Mine hour is not yet come."—JOHN iv. 2.

JESUS' hour was not yet come ;
Let this word thine answer be,
Pilgrim, asking for thy home,
Longing to be blessed and free.
Yet a season tarry on,
Nobly borne, is nobly done.

While oppressing cares and fears,
Night and day no respite leave ;
Still prolonged thro' many years,
None to help thee, or relieve ;
Hold the word of promise fast,
Till deliverance comes at last.

Every creature hope and trust,
Every earthly prop and stay
May lie prostrate in the dust,
May have failed or passed away ;
Then, when darkest falls the night,
Jesus comes, and all is light.

Yes, the Comforter draws nigh
To the breaking, bursting heart,
For, with tender sympathy,
He has seen and felt its smart;
Thro' its darkest hours of ill,
He is waiting, watching still.

Dost thou ask, "When comes His hour?"
Then, when it shall aid thee best;
Trust His faithfulness and power,
Trust in Him, and meekly rest.
Suffer on, and hope, and wait,
Jesus never comes too late.

Blessed day, which hastens fast,
End of conflict and of sin!
Death itself shall die at last,
Heaven's eternal joys begin;
Then eternity shall prove,
God is light, and God is love.

SPITTA.

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